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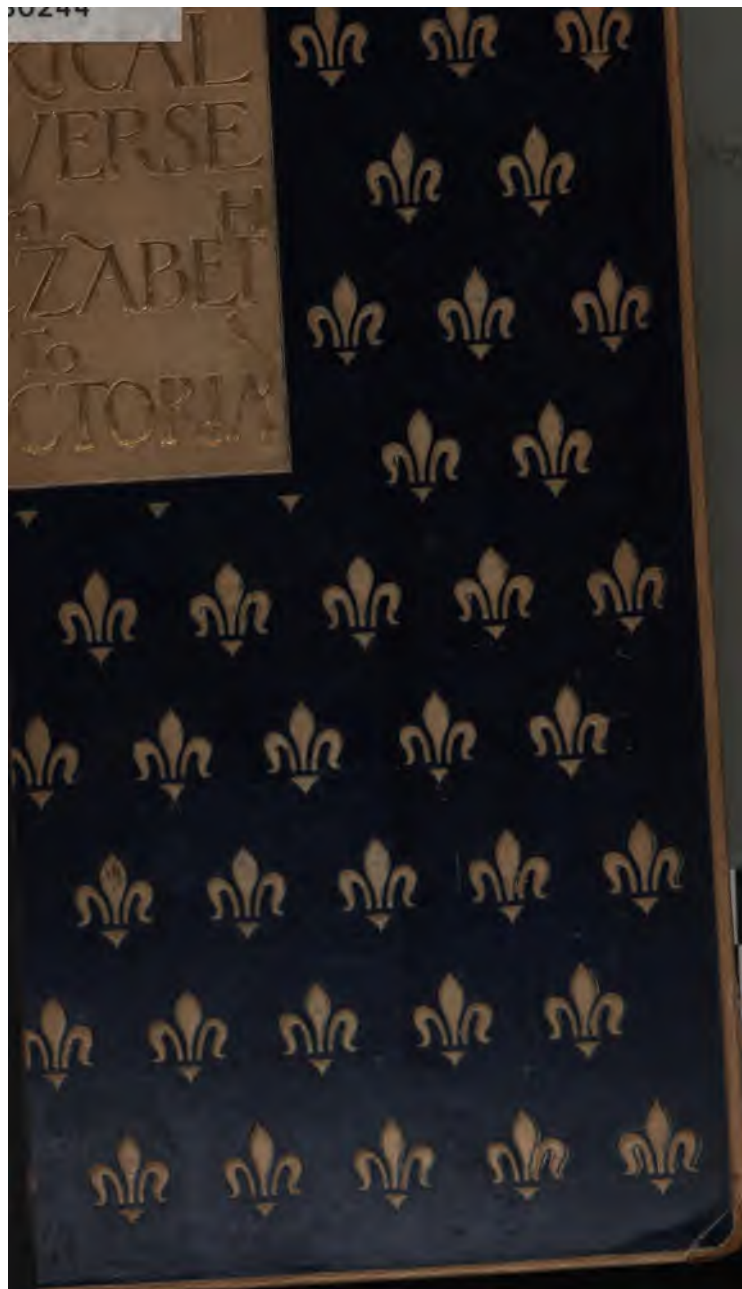
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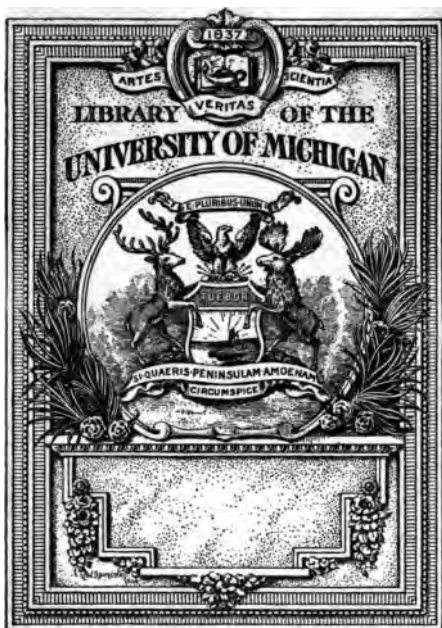
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QUAL
VERSE
ZABET
CTORIA





1.

LYRICAL VERSE

LYRICAL VERSE

From Elizabeth to Victoria

55-56

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

OSWALD CRAWFURD

WITH NOTES AND INDEX

LONDON : CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.

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PREFACE

THIS selection of Lyrical Verse has been made to begin with Queen Elizabeth's reign, because, though there were some few fine lyrical pieces written under the immediate predecessors of the great Queen, no full collection of pre-Elizabethan lyrical verse could be made without swelling the dimensions of this volume beyond portability.

Moreover, omitting Chaucer, the popular poetic taste of the present generation hardly runs back even to verse written under the last Henry and the last Edward; and in truth only the literary archæologist can find pleasure in much that, between Chaucer and Shakespeare, was written by such minor poets as Lydgate or Gower and their inferiors.

Then again, the limits of this volume compel me to stop short at the threshold of the reign of our own Queen: the limits of the book and fear of the law of copyright.

The editor has another reason for not being too recent in his selections. We, who live in this age, are too much imbued with its spirit to do those poets who live in or near it critical justice. Death and Time—two or three generations at least—should come between the poet and any final judgment of his wares.

PREFACE

Contemporary criticism has constantly been proved by posterity to be, in the main, mistaken criticism. So late as fifteen years ago, a goodly volume of selections of the contemporary poetry of the twenty or thirty years previous to 1880 was published. Alas ! of some fifty poets in this selection, at least forty have already passed into the limbo of oblivion, and of those whose names are still known, the poems quoted have mostly dropped out of memory. That book has been an object lesson to the present editor, and he has put fifty years between himself and the chances of another such blunder.

Of the method of selection followed there is little to say. The principle is that of the ancient Greek anthologies, of the admirable "Golden Treasury" of Palgrave, and of many modern anthologies before and since Palgrave's selection. The editor has tried to take the best and most characteristic lyrical verse of each poet, to avoid if possible repetition of the same sentiment, and to draw the difficult line between what is really lyrical (for a definition of which the reader is invited to seek elsewhere) and what is epic, idyllic, elegiac, descriptive, didactic, or dramatic. It is enough to say that song—not always and necessarily the song that can be set to music—is the staple of this volume ; the ode is not excluded where it is eminently lyrical in tone, nor even the ballad, and the sonnet is largely quoted—the sonnet which is the sonata of poetry, the most artificial, the

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most difficult, the most harmonious, in a true poet's hand, of all forms of lyrical verse, the master-key to the hearts of cultivated men, a form of lyric which, in this country at least, only the great master-poets have ever known how to handle rightly, Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Wordsworth and Shelley.

The period of over 300 years that has elapsed since Elizabeth came to the throne has been divided into reigns, and the works of each poet have been set down under the sovereign in whose reign that poet fulfilled thirty years of his age. Few men have written much verse after forty, or much of value before twenty-five. The above arrangement has been broken in a few cases only. Milton comes, in date, under Charles I. This austere Puritan and Politician belongs, however, by all poetical computation to the time of the Commonwealth. Byron and Moore came of poetic age under George III., but it was in the dotage of that monarch and during the regency of his successor that they chiefly wrote and flourished, and both these poets have the Regency note very strongly in their works. They have accordingly been promoted into the reign of George IV.

The arrangement that I have adopted has many obvious advantages, but in some cases it works out oddly. Most of the wits of Queen Anne's reign entered their thirtieth year a little before or a little later than the twelve years' reign of that Queen; so that Swift and Prior, poets whom we connect with Queen Anne, come by virtue of their years under the reign

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of William and Mary, and Pope, also essentially a Queen Anne poet, under George I.

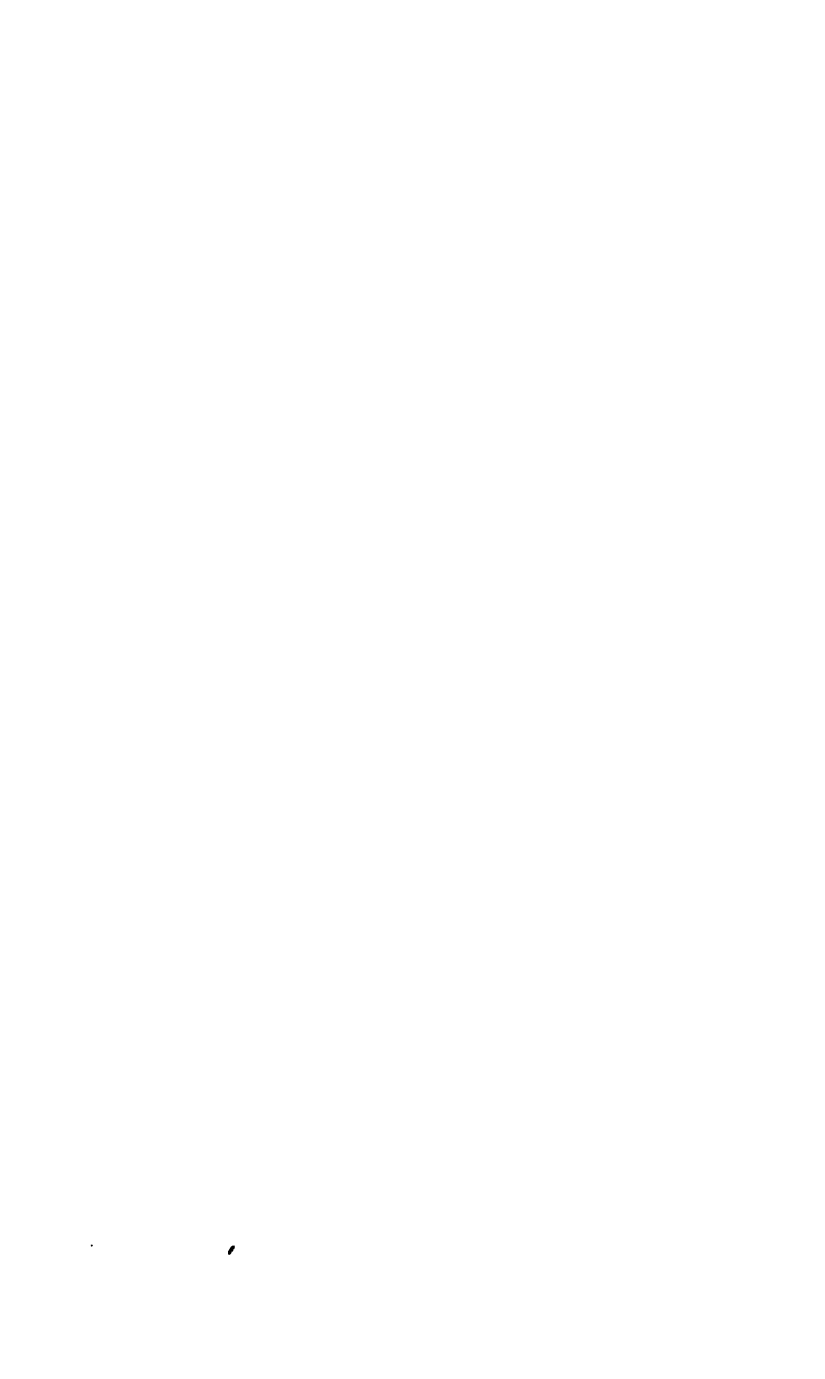
As for the general principle of selection, I have not discarded poems that may be called hackneyed by some critics, but which the concurrent criticism of succeeding ages has canonised. The chief object, however, which I have had in view has been to make as full a collection of lyrics established in the approval of sound critics, and also to introduce as much comparatively unknown or little known lyrical verse as was possible. To make room for the pieces I have brought in I have ventured to omit a very few others that most educated readers know by heart.

In one point this collection differs from any English lyrical anthology that I know of. It contains a few poems that are marked chiefly by humour. The poem wherein lyrical expression and humour are combined is a rare product of English literature. I trust the poetical critic will not object to find "The Vicar of Bray"—that strong and finely ironical song of the early Georgian times—ranging with the lyrics of Blake and Wordsworth; the "Tullochgorum" of Skinner, which Burns admired beyond all written Scottish verse, set side by side with poems by Wordsworth and Shelley; and the milder and drawing-room humour of Praed, and the delightful jesting of Father Prout, alongside of the poems of Keats and Coleridge.

OSWALD CRAWFURD.

ERRATA

p. 19, l. 1,	<i>for</i> woman	<i>read</i> women
p. 21, l. 14,	„ Lely.	„ Lyly.
p. 39, last line,	„ G. Marlowe.	„ C. Marlowe.
p. 56, l. 23,	„ Sydney.	„ Sidney.
p. 64, l. 31,	„ nearly	„ neatly
p. 98, l. 2,	„ Have	„ Hath
p. 257, last line,	„ wee ?	„ weel?
p. 303, heading,	„ Leslie.	„ Lesley.



Elizabeth



LYRICAL VERSE

FROM ELIZABETH TO VICTORIA

I.

ORPHEUS' SONG.

HE that did sing the motions of the stars,
Pale-coloured Phœbe's borrowing of her light,
Aspects of planets oft opposed in jars,
Of Hesper, henchman to the day and night ;
Sings now of love, as taught by proof to sing,
Women are false, and love a bitter thing.

I loved Eurydice, the brightest lass,
More fond to like so fair a nymph as she ;
In Thessaly so bright none ever was,
But fair and constant hardly may agree :
False-hearted wife to him that loved thee well,
To leave thy love, and choose the prince of hell !

Theseus did help, and I in haste did hie
To Pluto, for the lass I lovèd so :
The god made grant, and who so glad as I ?
I tuned my harp, and she and I 'gan go ;
Glad that my love was left to me alone,
I lookèd back, Eurydice was gone !

She slipped aside, back to her latest love,
Unkind, she wronged her first and truest feere !

LYRICAL VERSE

Thus women's loves delight, as trial proves
By false Eurydice I loved so dear,
To change and fleet, and every way to shrink,
To take in love, and lose it with a wink.

Robert Greene.

II.

SONNET TO SLEEP.

COME, Sleep ! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low ;

With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw :
O make in me those civil wars to cease ;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland and a weary head :
And if these things, as being thine in right,

Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.
Sir Philip Sidney.

III.

AMANTIUM IRÆ AMORIS REDINTEGRATIO EST.

IN going to my naked bed, as one that would have
slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before
had wept :

ELIZABETH

She sighed sore and sang full sweet, to bring the
babe to rest,
That would not cease but cried still, in sucking at
her breast :
She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with
her child,
She rocked it and rated it, till that on her it
smiled :
Then did she say, now have I found this proverb
true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of
love.

Then took I paper, pen and ink, this proverb for
to write,
In register for to remain, of such a worthy wight :
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter uttered she of weight, in place
whereas she sat.
And proved plain, there was no beast, nor
creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love, without dis-
cord and strife :
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God
above,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of
love.

She said that neither king nor prince, nor lord
could live aright,
Until their puissance they did prove, their man-
hood and their might.
When manhood shall be matched so, that fear can
take no place,
Then weary works make warriors each other to
embrace,

LYRICAL VERSE

And left their force that failed them, which did
consume the rout,
That might before have lived their time, and
nature out :
Then did she sing as one that thought no man
could her reprove,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of
love.

She said she saw no fish nor fowl, nor beast within
her haunt,
That met a stranger in their kind, but could give
it a taunt :
Since flesh might not endure, but rest must wrath
succeed,
And force the fight to fall to play, in pasture where
they feed,
So noble nature can well end the work she hath
begun,
And bridle well that will not cease, her tragedy
in some :
Thus in song she oft rehearsed, as did her well
behove,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of
love.

I marvel much pardy, quoth she, for to behold the
rout,
To see man, woman, boy, beast, to toss the world
about :
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some cheek,
and some can smoothly smile,
And some embrace others in arm, and there think
many a wile.
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble
and some stout,

ELIZABETH

Yet are they never friends in deed, until they once
fall out :
Thus ended she her song, and said before she did
remove,
The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of
love.—*Richard Edwards.*

IV.

OF HIS MISTRESS WEEPING.

I SAW my Lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advancèd so
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
And Passion, wise ; Tears, a delightful thing ;
Silence, beyond all speech, a wisdom rare :
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve !
Enough, enough : your joyful look excels :
Tears kill the heart, believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

Anon.

V.

FIDELE.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages ;

LYRICAL VERSE

Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have
And renownèd be thy grave !—*Shakespeare.*



VI.

HIS LODESTAR.

LIKE as a ship, that through the Ocean wide,
By conduct of some star, doth make her way ;
Whenas a storm hath dimm'd her trusty guide
Out of her course doth wander far astray !

ELIZABETH

So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
Do wander now, in darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast ;
Yet hope I well that, when this storm is past,
My Helice, the lodestar of my life,
Will shine again, and look on me at last
With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief,
Till then I wander careful, comfortless,
In secret sorrow, and sad pensiveness.

Edmund Spenser

VII.

ALL IS VANITY.

WHETHER men do laugh or weep,
Whether they do wake or sleep,
Whether they die young or old,
Whether they feel heat or cold ;
There is underneath the sun
Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest,
None are worst and none are best ;
Grief and joy and hope and fear
Play their pageants everywhere :
Vain Opinion all doth sway,
And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds do sit,
Mocking our poor apish wit,
That so lamely with such state
Their high glory imitate.
No ill can be felt but pain,
And that happy men disdain. — *Anon.*

LYRICAL VERSE

VIII.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL.

HIGH upon Hiellands
And low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
Rade out on a day.
Saddled and bridled
And gallant rade he ;
Hame came his gude horse
But never came he !

Out came his auld mither
Greeting full sair,
And out came his bonnie bride
Rivin' her hair.
Saddled and bridled
And bootied rade he ;
Toom hame came the saddle,
But never came he !

“ My meadow lies green,
And my corn is unshorn ;
My barn is to bigg,
And my babie's unborn.”
Saddled and bridled
And bootied rade he ;
Toom hame came the saddle,
But never came he !—*Anon.*



IX.

PAN'S SONG.

From Midas.

PAN's Syrinx was a girl indeed,
Though now she's turned into a reed

ELIZABETH

From that dear reed Pan's pipe doth come,
A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb ;
Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern can
So chant it, as the pipe of Pan.
Cross-gartered swains, and dairy girls,
With faces smug and round as pearls,
When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play,
With dancing wear out night and day ;
The bag-pipe drone his hum lays by
When Pan sounds up his minstrelsy.
His minstrelsy ! O base ! This quill
Which at my mouth with wind I fill
Puts me in mind though her I miss
That still my Syrinx' lips I kiss.—*John Lyly.*

X.

LOVING IS FOLLY.

IF fathers knew but how to leave
Their children wit as they do wealth,
And could constrain them to receive
That physic which brings perfect health,
The world would not admiring stand
A woman's face and woman's hand.

Women confess they must obey,
We men will needs be servants still ;
We kiss their hands, and what they say
We must commend, be't ne'er so ill :
Thus we, like fools, admiring stand
Her pretty foot and pretty hand.

We blame their pride, which we increase
By making mountains of a mouse ;

LYRICAL VERSE

We praise because we know we please ;
 Poor women are too credulous
To think that we admiring stand
Or foot, or face, or foolish hand.—*Anon.*

XI.

TO PHILLIS THE FAIR SHEPHERDESS.

My Phillis hath the morning Sun,
 At first to look upon her :
And Phillis hath morn-waking birds,
 Her rising still to honour.
My Phillis hath prime feathered flowers,
 That smile when she treads on them :
And Phillis hath a gallant flock
 That leaps since she doth own them.
But Phillis hath too hard a heart,
 Alas, that she should have it !
It yields no mercy to desert
 Nor grace to those that crave it.
Sweet Sun, when thou look'st on,
 Pray her regard my moan !
Sweet birds, when you sing to her
 To yield some pity woo her !
Sweet flowers that she treads on,
 Tell her, her beauty dreads one.
And if in life her love she nill agree me,
Pray her before I die, she will come see me.

Sir Edward Dyer.

ELIZABETH

XII.

THE POTENCY OF A WOMAN.

THOSE eyes that set my fancy on a fire,
Those crisped hairs that hold my heart in
chains,
Those dainty hands which conquered my desire,
That wit which of my thoughts doth hold the
reins:

Then, Love, be judge, what heart may therewith
stand

Such eyes, such head, such wit, and such a hand ?
Those eyes for clearness doth the stars surpass,
Those hairs obscure the brightness of the sun,

Those hands more white than ever ivory was,
That wit even to the skies hath glory won.

O eyes that pierce our hearts without remorse !
O hairs of right that wear a royal crown !

O hands that conquer more than Cæsar's force !
O wit that turns huge kingdoms upside down !

Anon.



XIII.

THE CRUELTY OF TIME.

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled
shore

So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.

LYRICAL VERSE

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :—

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand
Praising Thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Shakespeare.



XIV.

VIVAMUS, MEA LESBIA, ATQUE AMEMUS.

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love,
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove
Let us not weigh them. Heaven's great lamps
do dive

Into their west, and straight again revive ;
But, soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like me,
Then bloody swords and armour should not be ;
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps should
move,

Unless alarm came from the Camp of Love :
But fools do live and waste their little light,
And seek with pain their ever-during night.

When timely death my life and fortunes ends,
Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends ;
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy tomb :
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light
And crown with love my ever-during night. *

Anon.

ELIZABETH

XV.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

MY mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind.
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye ;
To none of these I yield as thrall :
For why? my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall ;
I see that those which are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all ;
They get with toil, they keep with fear :
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay,
I seek no more than may suffice ;
I press to bear no haughty sway ;
Look what I lack my mind supplies :
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave ;
I little have, and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store ;
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lack, I leave ; they pine, I live.

LYRICAL VERSE

I laugh not at another's loss ;
 I grudge not at another's gain ;
No worldly waves my mind can toss ;
 My state at one doth still remain :
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend ;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
 Their wisdom by their rage of will ;
Their treasure is their only trust,
 A cloked craft their store of skill :
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease :
 My conscience clear my choice defence ;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by deceit to breed offence :
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I.

Sir Edward Dyer.

XVI.

A WARNING.

ONCE did I love and yet I live,
 Though love and truth be now forgotten ;
Then did I joy, now do I grieve
 That holy vows must now be broken.

Hers be the blame that caused it so,
 Mine be the grief though it be mickle ;
She shall have shame, I cause to know
 What 'tis to love a dame so fickle.

Love her that list, I am content
 For that chameleon-like she changeth,

ELIZABETH

Yielding such mists as may prevent
My sight to view her when she rangeth.
Let him not vaunt that gains my loss,
For when that he and time hath proved
her,
She may him bring to Weeping-Cross :
I say no more, because I loved her. — *Anon.*

XVII.

MCESIA'S SONG.

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content ;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown :
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such
bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbours quiet rest ;
The cottage that affords no pride nor care ;
The mean that 'grees with country music best ;
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare ;
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss :
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.
Robert Greene.

XVIII.

VIRELAY.

ACCURST be love, and they that trust his trains ;
He tastes the fruit, whil'st others toil :
He brings the lamp, we lend the oil :
He sows distress, we yield him soil :
He wageth war, we bide the foil.

LYRICAL VERSE

Accurst be love, and those that trust his trains ;
He lays the trap, we seek the snare :
He threatneth death, we speak him fair :
He coins deceits, we foster care :
He favoureth pride, we count it rare.

Accurst be love, and those that trust his trains ;
He seemeth blind, yet wounds with art :
He vows content, he pays with smart :
He swears relief, yet kills the heart :
He calls for truth, yet scorns desert.

Accurst be love, and those that trust his trains.
Whose heaven is hell ; whose perfect joys are
pains.—*Thomas Lodge.*

XIX.

BALTHAZAR'S SONG.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny !

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny !

Shakespeare.

ELIZABETH

XX.

A REASONABLE LOVER.

IF woman could be fair and never fond,
Or that their beauty might continue still,
I would not marvel though they made men bond
By service long to purchase their goodwill :
But when I see how frail these creatures are,
I laugh that men forget themselves so far.

To mark what choice they make and how they
change,
How, leaving best, the worst they choose out still ;
And how, like haggards wild, about they range,
And scorning season follow after will !
Who would not shake such buzzards from the fist
And let them fly (fair fools !) which way they list ?

Yet for our sport we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please :
And train them on to yield by subtle oath
The sweet content that gives such humour ease :
And then we say, when we their follies try,
“ To play with fools, Oh, what a fool was I ! ”
Edward, Earl of Oxford.

XXI.

FROM “HYMEN’S TRIUMPH.”

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing ;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so ?
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Hey, ho !

LYRICAL VERSE

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting ;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so ?
More we enjoy it, more it dies ;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries,
Hey, ho !—*Samuel Daniel.*

XXII.

TIME'S TRIUMPH.

WHEN I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age ;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—
That Time will come and take my Love away :
—This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Shakespeare.

XXIII.

SAPPHO'S SONG.

O CRUEL Love ! on thee I lay
My curse, which shall strike blind the day
Never may sleep with velvet hand
Charm thine eyes with sacred wand ;

ELIZABETH

Thy jailors shall be hopes and fears ;
Thy prison-mates, groans, sighs, and tears ;
Thy play to wear out weary times,
Fantastic passions, vows, and rhymes ;
Thy bread be frowns ; thy drink be gall ;
Such as when you Phao Call.
The bed thou liest on be despair ;
Thy sleep, fond dreams ; thy dreams, long
care ;
Hope (like thy fool) at thy bed's head,
Mocks thee, till madness strikes thee dead,
As Phao, thou dost me, with thy proud eyes.
In thee poor Sappho lives, for thee she dies.

John Lely.



XXIV.

A SEA DIRGE.

FULL fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Ding-dong !—
Hark ! now I hear them,—
Ding-dong, bell.—*Shakespeare.*



XXV.

A LAND DIRGE.

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

LYRICAL VERSE

Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him
warm,
And, (when gay tombs are robb'd,) sustain no
harm ;
But keep the wolf from thence, that's foe to
men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.
J. Webster.

XXVI.

FAWNIA.

AH, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt even with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land,
Under wide heavens, but yet (I know) not such.
So as she shows, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower,
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
Compassed she is with thorns and cankered
flower,
Yet were she willing to be plucked and worn,
She would be gathered, though she grew on thorn.

Ah, when she sings, all music else be still,
For none must be comparèd to her note ;
Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,
Nor from the morning-singer's swelling throat.
Ah, when she riseth from her blissful bed,
She comforts all the world, as doth the sun,

ELIZABETH

And at her sight the night's foul vapour's fled ;
When she is set, the gladsome day is done.
O glorious sun, imagine me the west,
Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast !

Robert Greene.

XXVII.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

WHENCE comes my love ? Oh, heart, disclose ;
'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose ;
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise ;
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe, as freely own ;
Ah me ! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind ;
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire ;
Yet all so fair, but speak my moan,
Since nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet lip, sweet eye, sweet blushing cheek,
Yet not a heart to save my pain ?
Oh, Venus ! take thy gifts again ;
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

J. Harington.

XXVIII.

SONG FROM "TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA."

WHO is Silvia ? what is she,
That all our swains commend her ?

LYRICAL VERSE

Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.
Is she kind as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness :
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being helped, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling ;
To her let us garlands bring.—*Shakespeare.*

XXIX.

HOPE FRUSTRATED.

FULL many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine ;
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun
staineth.—*Shakespeare.*

ELIZABETH

XXX.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'rds Agincourt
 In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day,
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 To the king sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won,

LYRICAL VERSE

Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

And for myself (quoth he),
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth be slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell ;
No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire-great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopp'd the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led,
With the main, Henry sped,
Amongst his hench-men.
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear, was wonder ;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

ELIZABETH

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
 To our hid forces ;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
 Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it,
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,

LYRICAL VERSE

For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother ;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby,
Bear them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry ;
O when shall English men,
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry ?

Michael Drayton.

XXXI.

PASSIONLESS AND CONTENT.

THE man of life upright,
 Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
 Or thought of vanity ;

The man whose silent days
 In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
 Nor sorrow discontent :

ELIZABETH

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence :

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things ;

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.—*T. Campion.*



XXXII.

THINGS GO BY TURNS.

THE loppèd tree in time may grow again ;
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower ;
Times go by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb ;
Her tides have equal times to come and go ;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web ;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

LYRICAL VERSE

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring ;
 No endless night, yet no eternal day ;
The saddest birds a season find to sing ;
 The roughest storm a calm may soon allay ;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost ;
 That net that holds no great, takes little fish ;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed ;
 Few all they need, but none have all they wish ;
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

Robert Southwell.



XXXIII.

LOVE THE ONLY PRICE OF LOVE.

THE fairest pearls that northern seas do breed,
 For precious stones from eastern coasts are sold ;
Nought yields the earth that from exchange is
 freed ;

 Gold values all, and all things value gold.
Where goodness wants an equal change to make,
There greatness serves, or number place doth take.

No mortal thing can bear so high a price,
 But that with mortal thing it may be bought ;
The corn of Sicil buys the western spice ;
 French wine of us, of them our cloth is sought.
No pearls, no gold, no stones, no corn, no spice,
No cloth, no wine, of Love can pay the price.

What thing is Love, which nought can counter-
 vail ?

Nought save itself, ev'n such a thing is Love.

ELIZABETH

All worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail,
As lowest earth doth yield to heaven above.
Divine is Love, and scorneth worldly pelf,
And can be bought with nothing but with self.

Such is the price my loving heart would pay,

Such is the pay thy love doth claim as due.
Thy due is Love, which I, poor I, essay,

In vain essay, to 'quite with friendship true :
True is my love, and true shall ever be,
And truest love is far too base for thee.

Love but thyself, and love thyself alone ;

For, save thyself, none can thy love requite :
All mine thou hast, but all as good as none ;

My small desert must take a lower flight.
Yet if thou wilt vouchsafe my heart such bliss,
Accept it for thy prisoner, as it is.

Sir W. Raleigh.

XXXIV.

THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

"SHEPHERD, what's love? I pray thee,
tell!"—

It is that fountain, and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell ;
It is, perhaps, that sauncing bell
That tolls us all to heaven or hell ;
And this is love, as I heard tell.

"Yet, what is love? I prithee, say!"—
It is a work on holiday :
It is December match'd with May,
When lusty bloods, in fresh array,
Hear, ten months after, of the play ;
And this is love, as I hear say.

LYRICAL VERSE

"Yet, what is love? Good shepherd, sayen!"—
It is a sunshine mix'd with rain;
It is a tooth-ache, or like pain;
It is a game where none doth gain,
The lass saith, No, and would full fain!
And this is love, as I hear sayen.

"Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?"—
It is a "yea," it is a "nay,"
A pretty kind of sporting fray;
It is a thing will soon away;
Then, nymphs, take vantage while ye may,
And this is love, as I hear say.

"Yet what is love? Good shepherd, show!"—
A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for mo;
And he that proves shall find it so;
And, shepherd, this is love, I trow!

Ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh.



XXXV.

IMPORTUNE ME NO MORE!

WHEN I was fair and young, and favour gracèd
me,
Of many was I sought, their Mistress for to be:
But I did scorn them all; and answer'd them
therefore—

Go! go! go seek some otherwhere!
Importune me no more!

How many weeping eyes I made to pine with
woe,
How many sighing hearts, I have no skill to
show:

ELIZABETH

Yet I the prouder grew, and answer'd them
therefore—

Go ! go ! go seek some elsewhere !

Importune me no more !

Then spake fair Venus for that fair victorious Boy,
And said—"Fine Dame ! since that you be so
coy,

I will so pluck your plumes that you shall say no
more—

Go ! go ! go seek some elsewhere !

Importune me no more !"

When she had said these words, such change grew
in my breast

That neither night nor day since that I could take
any rest :

Then lo ! I did repent that I had said before—

Go ! go ! go seek some elsewhere !

Importune me no more !—*Anon.*



XXXVI.

SONG FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT."

O MISTRESS mine ! where are you roaming ?

O stay and hear ! your true Love's coming,

That can sing both high and low ;

Trip no further, pretty Sweeting ;

Journeys end in lovers meeting—

Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;

Present mirth hath present laughter ;

What's to come is still unsure :

In delay there lies no plenty,—

Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Shakespeare.

LYRICAL VERSE

XXXVII.

A SONG OF COMPARISONS.

THE lowest trees have tops ; the ant her gall ;
The fly her spleen ; the little sparks their heat :
The slender hairs cast shadows, though but small ;
And bees have stings although they be not
great.
Seas have their surges, so have shallow springs ;
And love is love, in beggars as in kings.
Where rivers smoothest run, deep are the fords ;
The dial stirs, yet none perceives it move ;
The firmest faith is in the fewest words ;
The turtles cannot sing, and yet they love.
True hearts have eyes, and ears, no tongues to
speak ;
They hear, and see, and sigh ; and then they
break.—*Anon.*

XXXVIII.

COUNTRY AND CITY.

JACK and Joan, they think no ill,
But loving live, and merry still ;
Do their week-days' work, and pray
Devoutly on the holy day ;
Skip and trip it on the green,
And help to choose the Summer Queen ;
Lash out at a country feast
Their silver penny with the best.
Well can they judge of nappy ale,
And tell at large a winter tale ;
Climb up to the apple loft,
And turn the crabs till they be soft.
Tib is all the father's joy,
And little Tom the mother's boy ;—

ELIZABETH

All their pleasure is Content ;
And care, to pay their yearly rent.
Joan can call by name her cows
And deck her windows with green boughs ;
She can wreaths and tutties make,
And trim with plums a bridal cake.
Jack knows what brings gain or loss ;
And his long flail can stoutly toss ;
Makes the hedge which others break,
And ever thinks what he doth speak.
—Now, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights ;
Though you scorn the homespun gray,
And revel in your rich array ;
Though your tongues dissemble deep,
And can your heads from danger keep ;
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain.—*T. Campion.*

XXXIX.

A PASTORAL.

ON a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befall the dainty sweet !
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly Muses meet.
In that bower there is a chair,
Fringed all about with gold ;
Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.
It is Phillis fair and bright,
She that is the shepherd's joy ;
She that Venus did despise,
And did blind her little boy.

LYRICAL VERSE

This is she, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see ;
This is *ipsa quæ* the which,
There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire ?
Who would not this saint adore ?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more ?

Oh fair eyes, yet let me see,
One good look, and I am gone ;
Look on me, for I am he,
Thy poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,
Look upon thy silly swain ;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

Nicholas Breton.



XL.

LOVE THE ADVENTURER.

OVER the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves ;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie ;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly ;

ELIZABETH

Where the midge dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay ;
If Love come, he will enter
And find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might ;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight ;
But if she whom Love doth honour
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined ;
And some do suppose him,
Poor heart ! to be blind ;
But if ne'er so close you wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist ;
Or you may inveigle
The phoenix of the east ;
The lioness, you may move her
To give o'er her prey ;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover,
He will find out his way.

If the earth should part him,
He would gallop it o'er ;
If the seas should o'erthwart him,
He would swim to the shore.

LYRICAL VERSE

Should his Love become a swallow,
Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
And will find out the way.

There is no striving
To cross his intent,
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent ;
But if once the message greet him,
That his true-love doth stay,
If death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way.—*Anon.*

XLI.

TIME NOT LOVE PASSES.

To me, fair Friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the season have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived ;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
stand,

Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived :

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred ;
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

Shakespeare.

ELIZABETH

XLII.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me and be my love !
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountain yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love !

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

G. Marlowe.

LYRICAL VERSE

XLIII.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

If all the world and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold ;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields ;
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten ;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men ?
These are but vain : that's only good
Which God hath blessed and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no dates, and age no need ;
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

ELIZABETH

XLIV.

BURD HELEN.

I WISH I were where Helen lies ;
Night and day on me she cries ;
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me !

O think na but my heart was sair
When my Love dropt down and spak nae
mair !

I laid her down wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnell lea

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea ;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, " Haste and come to me ! "

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I were blest,

LYRICAL VERSE

Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies ;
Night and day on me she cries ;
And I weary of the skies,
Since my Love died for me.—*Anon.*



XLV.

A RENUNCIATION.

THOU art not fair, for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy ornaments in thee,—
Thou art not sweet, though made of mere delight,
Not fair, nor sweet—unless thou pity me
I will not soothe thy fancies ; thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.

Yet love not me, nor seek not to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it more divine :
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,
I'll not be wrapp'd up in those arms of thine :
Now show it, if thou be a woman right—
Embrace and kiss and love me in despite !

L. Campion.

XLVI.

THE COMING OF NIGHT.

THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang

ELIZABETH

Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds
sang :

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest :

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by :

—This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love
more strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Shakespeare.



XLVII.

TO ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light ;
You common people of the skies,
What are you, when the Moon shall rise ?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passion's understood
By your weak accents ; what's your praise
When Philomel her voice doth raise ?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own, —
What are you, when the Rose is blown ?

LYRICAL VERSE

So when my Mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind ?

Sir H. Wotton.



XLVIII.

TO HIS LOVE.

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day ?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date :

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course, untrimm'd.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest :

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Shakespeare.



XLIX.

A MADRIGAL.

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given :
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven :
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

ELIZABETH

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides :

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sir P. Sidney.

L.

A MEDITATION UPON THE FRAILTY OF THIS LIFE.

O TRIFLING toys that toss the brains,
While loathsome life doth last ;
O wished wealth, O sugared joys,
O life when death is past ;
Who loaths exchange of loss with gain !
Yet loath we death as hell.
What woeful wight would wish his woe ?
Yet wish we here to dwell.
O Fancy frail, that feeds on earth,
And stays on slippery joys ;
O noble mind, O happy man,
That can condemn such toys !

Such toys as neither perfect are,
And cannot long endure ;
Our greatest skill, our sweetest joy,
Uncertain and unsure.
For life is short, and learning long,
All pleasure mixt with woe ;
Sickness and sleep steal time unseen,
And joys do come and go.
Thus learning is but learned by halves,
And joy enjoyed no while ;
That serves to show thee what thou want'st,
This helps thee to beguile.

LYRICAL VERSE

But after death is perfect skill,
And joy without decay ;
When sin is gone, that blinds our eyes,
And steals our joys away ;
No crowing cock shall raise us up,
To spend the day in vain ;
No weary labour shall us drive
To go to bed again.
But for we feel not what we want,
Nor know not what we have ;
We love to keep the body's life,
We loath the soul to save.—*Anon.*

LI.

TRUE LOVE.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :—

O, no ! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom :—

If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.
Shakespeare.

ELIZABETH

LII.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid ;
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows ;
Loses them too ; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek, (but none knows how) ;
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple on his chin ;
All these did my Campaspe win :
At last, he set her both his eyes ;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

J. Lyly.

LIII.

THE FAREWELL.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
Nay I have done, you get no more of me ;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free ;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,

LYRICAL VERSE

—Now if thou would'st, when all have given him
over,

From death to life thou might'st him yet recover !

M. Drayton.

LIV.

TO HIS SOUL.

POOR Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge ? is this thy body's end ?

Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
Within be fed, without be rich no more :—

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

Shakespeare.

LV.

SONNET TO SLEEP.

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light ;
With dark forgetting of my care, return,

And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth :
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.

ELIZABETH

Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow ;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

S. Daniel.

LVI.

LOVE'S EYE.

O ME ! what eyes hath Love put in my head
Which have no correspondence with true sight :
Or if they have, where is my judgment fled
That censures falsely what they see aright ?

If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so ?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's : No,

How can it ? O how can love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears ?
No marvel then though I mistake my view :
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love ! with tears thou keep'st me
blind,

Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find !

Shakespeare.

LVII.

FAREWELL TO A FALSE MISTRESS.

WHILE that the sun with his beams hot
Scorchèd the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon, the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain,

LYRICAL VERSE

In shadow of a green oak tree
Upon his pipe this song play'd he :
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love !
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love !
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, and treasure ;
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd
Burning in flames beyond all measure :
—Three days endured your love to me,
And it was lost in other three.
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love !
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love !
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Another shepherd you did see
To whom your heart was soon enchain'd ;
Full soon your love was reft from me,
Full soon my place he had obtain'd :
Soon came a third, your love to win,
And we were out, and he was in.
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love !
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love !
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure, you have made me passing glad
That you your mind so soon removèd,
Before that I the leisure had
To choose you for my best belovèd :
For all your love was past and done
Two days before it was begun :
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love !
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love !
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Anon.

ELIZABETH

LVIII.

A LOVER'S DIRGE.

COME away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it !
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown :
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.—*Shakespeare.*

LIX.

THE HAPPIER LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill ;
Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath ;
Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice ; who never understood

LYRICAL VERSE

How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend.

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir H. Wotton.



LX.

THE LOVELINESS OF LOVE.

It is not Beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair :

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid tumbling lies
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed :—

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers,

ELIZABETH

These are but gauds : nay what are lips ?
Coral beneath the ocean-stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer slips,
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft
That wave hot youth to fields of blood ?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good ?

Eyes can with baleful ardour burn ;
Poison can breath, that erst perfumed ;
There's many a white hand holds an urn
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows there's nought within ;
They are but empty cells for pride ;
He who the Syren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never link'd with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burthen'd honey-fly
That hides his murmurs in the rose,—

My earthly Comforter ! whose love
So indefeasible might be
That, when my spirit wonn'd above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.—*Anon.*

LYRICAL VERSE

LXI.

LINES WRITTEN BY ONE IN THE TOWER, BEING YOUNG AND CONDEMNED TO DIE.

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares ;
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain ;
My crop of corn is but a field of tares ;
And all my good is but vain hope of gain :
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun ;
And now I live, and now my life is done !

The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung ;
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green ;
My youth is gone, and yet I am but young ;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen :
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun ;
And now I live, and now my life is done !

I sought my death, and found it in my womb ;
I looked for life, and saw it was a shade ;
I trod the earth, and knew it was my tomb ;
And now I die, and now I am but made :
The glass is full, and now my glass is run ;
And now I live, and now my life is done !

Chidiack Tychborn.

LXII.

A CONSOLATION.

WHEN in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate ;

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,

ELIZABETH

Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy, contented least ;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on Thee—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate ;

For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth
brings

That then I scorn to change my state with kings,

Shakespeare.

LXIII.

ABSENCE.

O DEAR life, when shall it be
That mine eyes thine eyes shall see,
And in them thy mind discover
Whether absence have had force
Thy remembrance to divorce
From the image of thy lover ?

Or if I myself find not,
After parting, aught forgot,
Nor debarred from Beauty's treasure,
Let no tongue aspire to tell
In what high joys I shall dwell ;
Only thought aims at the pleasure.

Thought, therefore, I will send thee,
To take up the place for me :
Long I will not after tarry,
There, unseen, thou mayst be bold,
Those fair wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do carry.

Thought, see thou no place forbear,
Enter bravely everywhere,

LYRICAL VERSE

Seize on all to her belonging ;
But if thou wouldst guarded be,
Fearing her beams, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Think of that most grateful time,
When my leaping heart will climb,
In my lips to have his bidding,
There those roses for to kiss,
Which do breathe a sugared bliss,
Opening rubies, pearls dividing.

Think, think of those dallyings,
When with dove-like murmurings,
With glad moaning, passed anguish,
We change eyes, and heart for heart,
Each to other do depart,
Joying till joy makes us languish.

O my thoughts, my thoughts surcease,
Thy delights my woes increase,
My life melts with too much thinking ;
Think no more, but die in me,
Till thou shalt revived be,
At her lips my nectar drinking.

Sir P. Sydney.



LXIV.

DEATH.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world, that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell ;

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,

ELIZABETH

That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.

O if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay ;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

Shakespeare.

LXV.

LIFE AND DEATH.

COME, cheerful day, part of my life to me ;
For while thou view'st me with thy fading light,
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
And I still onward haste to my last night :
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly,
So every day we live, a day we die.

But O ye nights, ordained for barren rest,
How are my days deprived of life in you,
When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossessed,
By feignèd death life sweetly to renew !
Part of my life, in that, you life deny :
So every day we live, a day we die.

T. Campton.

LXVI.

THE FASTIDIOUS LOVER.

I DO confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to move thee :
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

LYRICAL VERSE

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
Which kisseth everything it meets :
And since thou canst love more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning rose that untouch'd stands
Arm'd with her briars, how sweet she smells !
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells :
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like fair flowers, to be thrown aside :
And thou shalt sigh when I shall smile,
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.
Sir Robert Ayloun.

LXVII.

NOTHING WORTH BUT LOVE.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,

ELIZABETH

And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill :—

—Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my Love alone !

Shakespeare.

LXVIII.

PHILOMELA'S ODE.

SITTING by a river's side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things,
That the mind in quiet brings.
I 'gan think how some men deem
Gold their god ; and some esteem
Honour is the chief content,
That to man in life is lent.
And some others do contend,
Quiet none, like to a friend.
Others hold there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health.
Some man's mind in quiet stands,
When he is lord of many lands :
But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss ;
And in my thoughts I did approve,
Nought so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth and heart 'grees,
With folded arms and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting ;
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing,
That such happy bliss doth bring,

LYRICAL VERSE

Happy is love's sugared thrall,
But unhappy maidens all,
Who esteem your virgin blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind,
As true Love with kisses kind :
But if a kiss prove unchaste,
Then is true love quite disgraced.
Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
No sweet love but honesty.

Robert Greene.



LXIX.

MUSIC'S DOMINION.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing :
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

Shakespeare

James 3.



LXX.

SONG FROM "VALENTIAN."

HEAR, ye ladies that despise,
 What the mighty Love has done ;
 Fear examples and be wise :
 Fair Calisto was a nun ;
 Leda, sailing on the stream
 To deceive the hopes of man,
 Love accounting but a dream,
 Doated on a silver swan ;
 Danaë, in a brazen tower,
 Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
 What the mighty Love can do ;
 Fear the fierceness of the boy :
 The chaste moon he made to woo ;
 Vesta, kindling holy fires,
 Circled round about with spies,
 Never dreaming loose desires,
 Doating at the altar dies ;
 Ilion, in a short hour, higher
 He can build, and once more fire.

John Fletcher.

LXXI.

MAY-DAY.

GET up, get up for shame ! the blooming morn
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
 See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh-quilted colours through the air :
 Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
 The dew bespangling herb and tree.

LYRICAL VERSE

Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since ; yet you not drest,
 Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
 When all the birds have matins said,
 And sung their thankful hymns : 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation, to keep in,—
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise ; and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and
 green,
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For jewels for your gown, or hair :
 Fear not; the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you :
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :
 Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :
 And Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in
 praying :
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street ; each street a park
 Made green, and trimm'd with trees : see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough
 Or branch : Each porch, each door, ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn nearly interwove ;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street,
 And open fields, and we not see't ?

JAMES I

Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey
The proclamation made for May :
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream :
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
Many a green gown has been given ;
Many a kiss, both odd and even :
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, Love's firmament :
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd :—Yet we're not a-
Maying.

—Come, let us go, while we are in our prime ;
And take the harmless folly of the time !
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short ; and our days run
As fast away as does the sun :—
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again :
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
—Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna ! come, let's go a-Maying.

Robert Herrick.

LYRICAL VERSE

LXXII.

SONG TO BACCHUS.

GOD Lyseus, ever young,
Ever renown'd, ever sung ;
Stain'd with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand lusty shapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim ;
From thy plenteous hand divine
Let a river run with wine ;
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear !

John Fletcher.

LXXIII.

FROM AN ASCETIC.

WHO prostrate lies at women's feet,
And calls them darlings dear and sweet ;
Protesting love, and craving grace,
And praising oft a foolish face ;
Are oftentimes deceived at last,
They catch at nought and hold it fast.

Anon.

LXXIV.

PENTHEA'S DYING SONG.

OH no more, no more, too late
Sighs are spent ; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burnt out ; no heat, no light
Now remains ; 'tis ever night.

JAMES I

Love is dead ; let lovers' eyes,
Locked in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes, ' !
Ope no more, for now Love dies.
Now Love dies—implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.
John Ford.

LXXV.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

CARE-CHARMING Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince ; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers ;—easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
Pass by his troubled senses ; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain ;
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride !
John Fletcher.

LXXVI.

SIC TRANSIT.

FAIR is the rose, yet fades with heat or cold ;
Sweet are the violets, yet soon grown old ;
The lily's white, yet in one day 'tis done ;
White is the snow, yet melts against the sun :
So white, so sweet, was my fair mistress' face,
Yet altered quite in one short hour's space :
So short-lived beauty a vain gloss doth borrow,
Breathing delight to-day, but none to-morrow.
Anon.

LYRICAL VERSE

LXXVII.

SONG.

SINCE first I saw your face I resolved
To honour and renown you :
If now I be disdain'd, I wish
My heart had never known you.
What ! I that loved and you that liked,
Shall we begin to wrangle ?
No, no, no ! my heart is fast,
And cannot disentangle.

If I admire or praise you too much,
That fault you may forgive me ;
Or if my hands had stray'd to touch,
Then justly might you leave me.
I ask'd you leave, you bade me love :
Is't now a time to chide me ?
No, no, no ! I'll love you still,
What fortune e'er betide me.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,
Rejecteth no beholder ;
And your sweet beauty, past compare,
Made my poor eyes the bolder :
Where beauty moves, and wit delights,
And signs of kindness bind me,
There, O there ! where'er I go,
I'll leave my heart behind me.

If I have wrong'd you, tell me wherein,
And I will soon amend it ;
In recompense of such a sin,
Here is my heart ;—I'll send it.
If that will not your mercy move,
Then for my life I care not ;
Then, O then, torment me still,
And take my life ! I care not.—*Anon.*

JAMES I

LXXVIII.

A MESSAGE BY MUSIC.

FOLLOW your saint, follow with accents sweet !
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet !
There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity move,
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her
love :

But, if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er
return again.

All that I sang still to her praise did tend,
Still she was first, still she my songs did end ;
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy:
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight !
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died
for her delight.—*Thomas Campion.*

LXXIX.

TO PAN.

ALL ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.
He is great and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies,

LYRICAL VERSE

Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy !
Ever holy !
Ever honoured ! ever young !
Thus great Pan is ever sung.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

LXXX.

A COMPLAINT.

I LIVE, and yet methinks I do not breathe ;
I thirst and drink, I drink and thirst again ;
I sleep and yet do dream I am awake ;
I hope for that I have ; I have and want :
I sing and sigh ; I love and hate at once,
O, tell me, restless soul, what uncouth jar
Doth cause in store such want, in peace such war ?

THE ANSWER THERETO.

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mines
Can buy, no chymic art can counterfeit ;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty ;
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain :
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little, all in nought—Content.
John Wilbye.

LXXXI.

SONG.

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan ;
Sorrow calls no time that's gone :

JAMES I

Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again ;
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully ;
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see ;
Joys as winged dreams fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last ?
Grief is but a wound to woe ;
Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

John Fletcher.

LXXXII.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE HESPERIDES.

I SING of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers ;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal-cakes.

I write of Youth, of Love ;—and have access
By these, to sing of cleanly wantonness ;
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of barm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.

I sing of times trans-shifting ; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white.
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the Fairy King.

I write of Hell ; I sing, and ever shall
Of Heaven,—and hope to have it after all.

Robert Herrick.

: LXXXIII.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

How many new years have grown old
Since first your servant old was new !

LYRICAL VERSE

How many long hours have I told
 Since first my love was vowed to you !
And yet, alas ! she doth not know
Whether her servant love or no.

How many walls as white as snow,
 And windows clear as any glass,
Have I conjured to tell you so,
 Which faithfully performed was !
And yet you'll swear you do not know
Whether your servant love or no.

How often hath my pale lean face,
 With true characters of my love,
Petitioned to you for grace,
 Whom neither sighs nor tears can move !
O cruel, yet do you not know
Whether your servant love or no ?

And wanting oft a better token,
 I have been fain to send my heart,
Which now your cold disdain hath broken,
 Nor can you heal 't by any art :
O look upon 't, and you shall know
Whether your servant love or no.—*Anon.*



LXXXIV.

TO SLEEP.

COME, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving,
 Lock me in delight awhile ;
 Let some pleasing dreams beguile
 All my fancies ; that from thence,
 I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving !

JAMES I

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy !
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought,
Through an idle fancy wrought :
Oh ! let my joys have some abiding.
Beaumont and Fletcher.



LXXXV.

HIS EPITAPH.

ONLY a little more
I have to write,
Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute,
That I must stay,
Or linger in it ;
And then I must away.

O time that cutt'st down all !
And scarce leav'st here
Memorial
Of any men that were.

How many lie forgot
In vaults beneath ?
And piece-meal rot
Without a fame in death ?

Behold this living stone,
I rear for me,
Ne'er to be thrown
Down, envious Time, by thee.

LYRICAL VERSE

Pillars let some set up,
If so they please,
Here is my hope
And my *Pyramides*.

Robert Herrick.

LXXXVI.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile;
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight;
And so to bid good-night?
Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile,—they glide
Into the grave.—*Robert Herrick.*

LXXXVII.

AN ODE FOR BEN JONSON.

AH Ben!
Say how or when

JAMES I

Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun,
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben !
Or come agen,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus ;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend ;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock,—the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

Robert Herrick.



LXXXVIII.

AN AWAKENING SONG.

SISTER, awake ! close not your eyes !
The day her light discloses,
And the bright morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses.

See, the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping :
Lo ! how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping.

Therefore, awake ! make haste, I say,
And let us, without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the park a-maying.—*Anon.*

LYRICAL VERSE

LXXXIX.

FROM "THE TWO NOBLE
KINSMEN."

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,

But in their hue ;
Maiden-pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true ;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim ;

Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Larks'-heels trim.

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense !

Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence !

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pie,

May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,

But from it fly !—*John Fletcher.*



XC.

THE BROWN OWL.

SWEET Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers like a lady bright,

JAMES I

Thou singest alone, sitting by night,
Te whit, te whoo !
Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls,
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
Te whit, te whoo !—*Anon.*

XCI.

AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY, A CHILD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL.

WEEP with me, all you that read
This little story ;
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.
Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When Fates turned cruel,
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel ;
And did act, (what now we moan,)
Old men so duly,
As, sooth, the *Parcæ* thought him one,—
He played so truly.
So, by error, to his fate
They all consented ;
But, viewing him since, (alas, too late)
They have repented ;

LYRICAL VERSE

And have sought (to give new birth)
In baths to steep him ;
But being so much too good for Earth,
Heaven vows to keep him.

Ben Jonson.

XCII.

EARLY ONE MORNING.

EARLY one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below :
“ Oh, don't deceive me, Oh, never leave me !
How could you use a poor maiden so ?

“ Remember the vows that you made to your
Mary,
Remember the bow'r where you vow'd to be true.
Oh, don't deceive me, Oh, never leave me !
How could you use a poor maiden so ?

“ Oh, gay is the garland, and fresh are the roses,
I've cull'd from the garden to bind on thy brow.
Oh, don't deceive me, Oh, never leave me !
How could you use a poor maiden so ? ”

Thus sang the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing,
Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below :
“ Oh, don't deceive me, Oh, never leave me !
How could you use a poor maiden so ? ”—*Anon.*

XCIII.

THE WILL.

BEFORE I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies ; here I bequeath

JAMES I

Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see,
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee ;
My tongue to Fame ; to ambassadors mine
ears ;

To women, or the sea, my tears ;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who'd twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such as had too
much before.

My constancy I to the planets give ;
My truth to them who at the court do live ;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits ; to buffoons my pensiveness ;
My silence to any, who abroad have been ;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics ;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam ; my best civility
And courtship to an university ;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare ;
My patience let gamesters share.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends ; mine industry to foes ;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness ;
My sickness to physicians, or excess ;
To Nature, all that I in rhyme have writ ;
And to my company my wit ;
Thou, Love, by making me adore

LYRICAL VERSE

Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I
do but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls,
I give my physic books ; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give ;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread ; to them which pass among
All foreigners, my English tongue,
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus dis-
proportion.

Therefore I'll give no more ; but I'll undo
The world by dying ; because Love dies too,
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it
forth ;

And all your graces no more use shall have,
Than a sun-dial on a grave.

Thou, Love, taughtest me, by making me
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,
T' invent and practise this one way t' annihilate
all three.—*John Donne.*

XCIV.

ADVICE TO LADIES.

YOUR shining eyes and golden hair,
Your lily-rosed lips so fair ;
Your various beauties which excel,
Men cannot choose but like them well :
Yet when for them they say they'll die,
Believe them not,—they do but lie.—*Anon.*

JAMES I

XCv.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

HIE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flame must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires :—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return ;
I have searched thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn ;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some Pow'r, in my revenge convey
That love to her I cast away.—*T. Carew.*

XCvI.

LADIES' EYES.

OFT have I mused the cause to find
Why Love in ladies' eyes should dwell ;
I thought, because himself was blind,
He look'd that they should guide him well :
And sure his hope but seldom fails,
For Love by ladies' eyes prevails.

LYRICAL VERSE

But time at last hath taught me wit,
Although I bought my wit full dear ;
For by her eyes my heart is hit,
Deep is the wound though none appear :
Their glancing beams as darts he throws,
And sure he hath no shafts but those.
I mused to see their eyes so bright,
And little thought they had been fire ;
I gazed upon them with delight,
But that delight hath bred desire :
What better place can Love desire
Than that where grow both shafts and fire ?

Anon.

XCVII.

TO DIANA.

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.
Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close :
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.
Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

Ben Jonson

JAMES I

XCVIII.

THE SIGNS OF LOVE.

ONCE did my thoughts both ebb and flow,
As passion did them move ;
Once did I hope, straight fear again,—
And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night,
And tell how many minutes move.
Once did I wishing waste the day,—
And then I was in love.

Once, by my carving true love's knot,
The weeping trees did prove
That wounds and tears were both our lot,—
And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath
And in my mistress move,
Once was I not mine own at all,—
And then I was in love.

Once did I sonnet to my saint,
My soul in numbers move,
Once did I tell a thousand lies,—
And then I was in love.

Once in my ear did dangling hang
A little turtle-dove,
Once, in a word, I was a fool,—
And then I was in love.—*Robert Jones.*

XCIX.

THE DAWNING DAY.

FLY hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows, charmed in sleep !

LYRICAL VERSE

Though the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts chained up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares :
Love and grief are so exprest,
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows, charmed in sleep.

John Ford.

C.

THE PROTESTATION.

No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers ;
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing ;
Nor April violets paint the grove ;
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn ;
The humble oak no flood shall know
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow ;
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave,
If ere my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly ;
The Sun refuse to show his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no star appear ;
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth ;
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell,

JAMES I

Grim death no more shall horrid prove,
If ere I leave bright Celia's love.

Thomas Carew.

CI.

FIRE THAT MUST FLAME.

FIRE that must flame is with apt fuel fed,
Flowers that will thrive in sunny soil are bred :
How can a heart feel heat that no hope finds?
Or can he love on whom no comfort shines?

Fair ! I confess there's pleasure in your sight ;
Sweet ! you have power, I grant, of all delight ;
But what is all to me if I have none ?
Churl that you are, t' enjoy such wealth alone !

Prayers move the heavens, but find no grace with
you ;

Yet in your looks a heavenly form I view ;
Then will I pray again, hoping to find,
As well as in your looks, heaven in your mind.

Saint of my heart, Queen of my life and love,
O let my vows thy loving spirit move !
Let me no longer mourn through thy disdain,
But with one touch of grace cure all my pain.

Thomas Campion.

CII.

CALANTHA'S DIRGE.

GLORIES, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease,
Can but please

Outward senses, when the mind
Is untroubled, or by peace refined.
Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.

LYRICAL VERSE

Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.
Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.
Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
Rest for care ;
Love only reigns in death ; though art
Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart.

John Ford.

CIII.

ASK ME NO MORE.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose,
For in your beauties orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day,
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past,
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night,
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if East or West,
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest,
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

Thomas Carew.

JAMES I

CIV.

THE PROPHECY.

THE sea hath many thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many ;
The sky is full of stars, and love
As full of woes as any :
Believe me, that do know the elf,
And make no trial by thyself.

It is in truth a pretty toy
For babes to play withal ;
But O the honies of our youth
Are oft our age's gall !
Self-proof in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so :

A prophet that, Cassandra-like,
Tells truth without belief ;
For headstrong youth will run his race,
Although his goal be grief :
Love's martyr, when his heat is past,
Proves Care's confessor at the last.

R. Jones.



CV.

A LOVER'S ARGUMENT.

LET not Chloris think, because
She hath envassel'd me,
That her beauty can give laws
To others that are free.
I was made to be the prey
And booty of her eyes :
In my bosom she may say,
Her greatest kingdom lies.

LYRICAL VERSE

Though others may her brow adore,
Yet more must I that therein see far more
Than any other's eyes have power to see ;
She is to me
More than to any others she can be.
I can discern more secret notes
That in the margin of her cheeks Love
quotes
Than any else besides have art to read ;
No looks proceed
From those fair eyes but to me wonder breed.

O then why
Should she fly
From him to whom her sight
Doth add so much above her might ?
Why should not she
Still joy to reign in me ?—*Anon.*

CVI.

AWAY, DELIGHTS !

AWAY, delights, go seek some other dwelling,
For I must die ;
Farewell, false Love ; thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie.
For ever let me rest now from thy smarts ;
Alas ! for pity go,
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee ; mine was not so.

Never again deluding Love shall know me,
For I will die ;
And all those griefs that think to over-grow me
Shall be as I :

JAMES I

For ever will I sleep, while poor maids cry,
 "Alas ! for pity stay,
 And let us die
With thee ; men cannot mock us in the clay."
 Beaumont and Fletcher.

CVII.

TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon :
As yet the early-rising Sun
 Has not attain'd his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the Even-song ;
And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a Spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you, or any thing.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like the Summer's rain ;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
 Ne'er to be found again.—*R. Herrick.*

LYRICAL VERSE

CXI.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers,
That being ravished, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.

Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou Power that canst sever
From me this ill :
And quickly still :
Though thou not kill
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire,
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.

Then make me weep
My pains asleep ;
And give me such repose,
That I, poor I,

May think, thereby,
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers,
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.

Melt, melt my pains,
With thy soft strains ;
That having ease me given,
With full delight,
I leave this light,
And take my flight

For Heaven.—*R. Herrick.*

JAMES I

CXII.

A GIFT WITHHELD.

WHEN God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by ;
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can :
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour,
pleasure ;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness :
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

G. Herbert.

CXIII.

THE RIGHT POETRY.

To his sweet lute Apollo sang the motions of the
spheres ;
The wondrous orders of the stars whose course
divides the years ;
And all the mysteries above ;
But none of this could Midas move,
Which purchased him his ass's ears.

LYRICAL VERSE

Then Pan with his rude pipe began the country
wealth t' advance,
To boast of cattle, flocks of sheep, and goats on
hills that dance,
With much more of this churlish kind,
That quite transported Midas' mind,
And held him wrapt in trance.

This wrong the God of Music scorned from such
a sottish judge,
And bent his angry bow at Pan, which made the
piper trudge :
Then Midas' head he did so trim
That every age yet talks of him
And Phœbus' right-revenged grudge.

Thomas Campion.

CXIV.

CRISPINUS' AND HERMOGENES' SONG.

IF I freely can discover
What would please me in my lover :
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city ;
A little proud, but full of pity :
Light and humorous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying ;
Long, but sweet in the enjoying ;
Neither too easy, nor too hard :
All extremes I would have barred.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but used as fashions ;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swooning,
Every fit with change still crowning.

JAMES I

Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her.
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicacies would cloy me,
Neither her peevishness annoy me.

Ben Jonson.



CXV.

A PROPER MAN.

OF your trouble, Ben ! to ease me,
I will tell what man would please me.
I would have him, if I could,
Noble, or of greater blood ;—
Titles, I confess, do take me,
And a woman God did make me ;
French to boot, at least in fashion,
And his manners of that nation.

Young I'd have him too, and fair,
Yet a man ; with crisped hair,
Cast in thousand snares and rings,
For Love's fingers, and his wings,
Chestnut colour,—or, more slack,
Gold upon a ground of black ;
Venus' and Minerva's eyes,
For he must look wanton-wise.

Eyebrows bent like Cupid's brow ;
Front, an ample field of snow ;
Even nose, and cheeks withal,
Smooth as is the billiard-ball ;
Chin as woolly as the peach ;
And his lip should kissing teach,
Till he cherish'd too much beard,
And made Love, or me, afear'd.

LYRICAL VERSE

He should have a hand as soft
As the down, and show it oft ;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it, ere it came ;
All his blood should be a flame
Quickly fired, as in beginners
In Love's school, and yet no sinners.

'Twere too long to speak of all :
What we harmony do call
In a body, should be there ;
Well he should his clothes, too, wear,
Yet no tailor help to make him ;—
Dress'd, you still for a man should take
him,
And not think he'd eat a stake,
Or were set up in a brake.

Valiant he should be, as fire,
Showing danger more than ire ;
Bounteous as the clouds to earth,
And as honest as his birth ;
All his actions to be such
As to do no thing too much :—
Nor o'erpraise, nor yet condemn,
Nor out-value nor contemn ;

Nor do wrongs, nor wrongs receive,
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave ;
And from baseness to be free,
As he durst love Truth and me.
Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart :
But of one if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.—*Ben Jonson.*

JAMES I

CXVI.

A MAD MAID'S SONG.

GOOD morrow to the day so fair ;
Good morning, sir, to you :
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good morrow to this primrose too ;
Good morning to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew,
Wherein my Love is laid.

Ah ! woe is me, woe, woe is me ;
Alack, and well-a-day !
For pity, sir, find out that bee,
Which bore my Love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave ;
I'll seek him in your eyes ;
Nay, now I think they've made his grave
I' th' bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there ; I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him ;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him,
And who with green-turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed,
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home ;—but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him.

Robert Herrick.

LYRICAL VERSE

CXVII.

TO AN INCONSTANT MISTRESS

CAN a maid that is well bred,
Have a blush so lovely red,
Modest looks, wise, mild, discreet,
And a nature passing sweet,

Break her promise, untrue prove,
On a sudden change her love,
Or be won e'er to neglect
Him to whom she vowed respect?

Such a maid, alas! I know :
O that weeds 'mongst corn should grow!
Or a rose should prickles have,
Wounding where she ought to save!

I, that did her parts extol,
Will my lavish tongue control :
Outward parts do blind the eyes,
Gall in golden pills oft lies.

Reason, wake, and sleep no more,
Land upon some safer shore,
Think on her and be afraid,
Of a faithless fickle maid.

Of a faithless fickle maid,
Thus true love is still betrayed :
Yet it is some ease to sing
That a maid is light of wing.—*Anon.*



CXVIII.

A LOVER'S REMONSTRANCE.

WHY canst thou not, as others do,
Look on me with unwounding eyes?

JAMES I

And yet look sweet, but yet not so ;
Smile, but not in killing wise ;
Arm not thy graces to confound ;
Only look, but do not wound.
Why should mine eyes see more in you
Than they can see in all the rest ?
For I can others' beauties view,
And not find my heart opprest.
O be as others are to me,
Or let me be more to thee.—*Anon.*

CXIX. EASTER.

I GOT me flowers to strew thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree ;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.
The sun arising in the east,
Though he give light, and the east perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.
Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss :
There is but one, and that one ever.

George Herbert.

CXX. SOUR AND SWEET.

AH ! my dear angry Lord,
Since thou dost love, yet strike,
Cast down, yet help afford
Sure I will do the like.

LYRICAL VERSE

I will complain, yet praise,
I will bewail, approve ;
And all my sour-sweet days
I will lament, and love.

George Herbert.

CXXI.

ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,

Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood :
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to-night.

The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies ;
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

Henry King.

CXXII.

FALSE ASTRONOMY.

WHAT poor astronomers are they,
Take women's eyes for stars !
And set their thoughts in battle 'ray
To fight such idle wars ;
When in the end they shall approve
'Tis but a jest drawn out of Love.

JAMES I

And Love itself is but a jest
Devised by idle heads,
To catch young Fancies in the nest,
And lay them in fools' beds ;
That being hatched in beauty's eyes
They may be fledged ere they be wise.

But yet it is a sport to see,
How Wit will run on wheels ;
While Wit cannot persuaded be,
With that which Reason feels,
That women's eyes and stars are odd
And Love is but a feigned god.

But such as will run mad with Will,
I cannot clear their sight,
But leave them to their study still,
To look where is no light,
Till, time too late, we make them try
They study false Astronomy.

Nicholas Breton.

CXXIII.

A MORALITY.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

LYRICAL VERSE

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert.

CXXIV.

SONG OF THE PRIEST OF PAN.

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is ;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads ;
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from under ground ;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come
Striking dead both bud and bloom :
Therefore from such danger lock
Every one his loved flock ;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away ;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease ;

JAMES I

Let one eye his watches keep
While the other eye doth sleep ;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eye-lids ! So, farewell !
Thus I end my evening's knell.

Beaumont and Fletcher,



CXXV,

THE SUM OF ALL DELIGHT,

FAIN would I change that note
To which fond love hath charm'd me,
Long long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come,
" Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight,"
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love, they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee ;
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

Anon.

LYRICAL VERSE

CXXVI.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

MY thoughts hold mortal strife ;
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries,
Peace to my soul to bring
Oft call that prince which here doth monarchize :
—But he, grim grinning King,
Who caitiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprize,
Late having deck'd with beauty's rose his tomb
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

W. Drummond of Hawthornden.



CXXVII.

THE TRUE PERFECTION.

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson.



CXXVIII.

CHARIS' TRIUMPH.

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth !
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.

JAMES I

As she goes, all hearts do duty
 Unto her beauty ;
And enamour'd do wish, so they might
 But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would
 ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
 All that Love's world compriseth !
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
 As Love's star when it riseth !
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
 Than words that soothe her ;
And from her arched brows, such a grace
 Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it ?
Have you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
 Before the soil hath smutched it ?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver ?
 Or swan's down ever ?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar ?
 Or the nard in the fire ?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
O so white,—O so soft,—O so sweet is she !
Ben Jonson.

CXXIX.

THE MESSAGE.

SEND home my long-strayed eyes to me,
Which, oh ! too long have dwelt on thee ;

LYRICAL VERSE

But if they there have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.
Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain ;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.
Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy when thou
Art in anguish,
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou dost now.

John Donne.

CXXX

ASPATIA'S SONG.

LAY a garland on my hearse,
Of the dismal yew ;
Maidens, willow branches bear ;
Say I died true ;
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth.
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth !

Beaumont and Fletcher.

JAMES I

CXXXI.

A WARNING AGAINST LADIES' PRIDE.

Do not, O do not prize thy beauty at too high a
rate,

Love to be loved whilst thou art lovely, lest thou
love too late ;

Frowns print wrinkles in thy brows

At which spiteful age doth smile,

Women in their froward vows

Glorying to beguile.

Wert thou the only world's admired thou canst
love but one,

And many have before been loved, thou art not
loved alone :

Couldst thou speak with heavenly grace,

Sappho might with thee compare ;

Blush the roses in thy face,

Rosamond was as fair.

Pride is the canker that consumeth beauty in her
prime,

They that delight in long debating feel the curse
of time :

All things with the time do change,

That will not the time obey ;

Some even to themselves seem strange

Thorough their own delay.

Anon.

CXXXII.

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,

And I will pledge with mine ;

Or leave a kiss but in the cup,

And I'll not look for wine.

LYRICAL VERSE

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee !

Ben Jonson.



CXXXIII.

TO DIANE ME.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes
Which starlike sparkle in their skies ;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives ; yours yet free :

Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the lovesick air ;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.

R. Herrick.



CXXXIV.

WHOM I LOVE.

SHALL I tell you whom I love ?
Hearken then awhile to me !
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versify,

JAMES I

Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right
As she scorns the help of Art,
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart ;
So much good, so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath ;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath,—
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth ;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth :
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle Love.

Such she is : and if you know
Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or—so
That she be but sometime young ;
Be assured 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

William Browne

CXXXV.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

FOLLOW thy fair sun, unhappy shadow !
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow

LYRICAL VERSE

Follow her, whose light thy light depriveth !

Though here thou liv'st disgraced,

And she in heaven is placed,

Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth !

Follow those pure beams, whose beauty burneth !

That so have scorched thee

As thou still black must be

Till her kind beams thy black to brightness
turneth.

Follow her, while yet her glory shineth !

There comes a luckless night

That will dim all her light ;

—And this the black unhappy shade divineth.

Follow still, since so thy fates ordained !

The sun must have his shade,

Till both at once do fade,—

The sun still proved, the shadow still disdained.

Thomas Campion.

CXXXVI.

CELIA IN THE SNOW.

I SAW fair Celia walk alone

When feather'd rain came softly down,—

Then Jove descended from his Tower

To court her in a silver shower :

The wanton snow flew to her breast,

Like little birds into their nest ;

But overcome with whiteness there,

For grief it thaw'd into a tear ;

Then, falling down her garment hem,

To deck her, froze into a gem.

Thomas Carew.

JAMES I

CXXXVII.

THE SPELL.

THRICE toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair,
Then thrice-three times tie up this true love's
knot,
And murmur soft, "She will or she will not."

Go, burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prickling
briar,
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave,
That all my fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you Fairies ! dance with me a round !
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound !
In vain are all the charms I can devise :
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

Thomas Campion.

CXXXVIII.

VOLPONE'S SONG.

COME, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of love.
Time will not be ours for ever ;
He, at length, our good will sever ;
Spend not then his gifts in vain :
Suns that set may rise again ;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys ?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies ?

LYRICAL VERSE

Or his easier ears beguile,
Thus removed by our wile ?
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal ;
But the sweet theft to reveal,
To be taken, to be seen,—
These have crimes accounted been.

Ben Jonson.

CXXXIX.

AN ECLOGUE.

THE LOVER.

" OPEN the door ! Who's there within ?
The fairest of thy mother's kin,
O come, come, come abroad
And hear the shrill birds sing,
The air with tunes that load !
It is too soon to go to rest,
The sun not midway yet to west :
The day doth miss thee
And will not part until it kiss thee."

THE MAIDEN.

' Were I as fair as you pretend,
Yet to an unknown, seld-seen friend
I dare not ope the door :
To hear the sweet birds sing
Oft proves a dangerous thing.
The sun may run his wonted race
And yet not gaze on my poor face ;
The day may miss me :
Therefore depart, you shall not kiss me."

Anon.

JAMES I

CXL.

THE WISE LOVER.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she be not so to me
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well-disposèd nature,
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest;
Which may merit name of Best;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that bears a noble mind,
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do
Who without them dares her woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

LYRICAL VERSE

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair ;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

G. Wither.

CXLI.

MAN'S MEDLEY.

HARK how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring :
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than in present is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence ;
In the other angels have a right by birth :
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With the one hand touching heaven, with the
other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies ;
He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round,
But trimmed with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer :

JAMES I

But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head
So must he sip and think
Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead.
But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble ;
He hath two winters, other things but one :
Both frosts and thoughts do nip
And bite his lip ;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.
Yet even the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right and in their ways.
Happy is he whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pain to double praise.

—◇— *George Herbert.*

CXLII.

CUPID PLAGUE THEE FOR THY TREASON.

Now I see thy looks were feigned,
Quickly lost, and quickly gained ;
Soft thy skin, like wool of wethers,
Heart inconstant, light as feathers,
Tongue untrusty, subtle-sighted,
Wanton will with change delighted.
Siren, pleasant foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for thy treason !
Of thine eye I made my mirror,
From thy beauty came my error,
All thy words I counted witty,
All thy sighs I deemed pity,
Thy false tears, that me aggrieved,
First of all my trust deceived. ,

LYRICAL VERSE

Siren, pleasant foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for thy treason !

Feigned acceptance when I asked,
Lovely words with cunning masked,
Holy vows, but heart unholy ;
Wretched man, my trust was folly ;
Lily white, and pretty winking,
Solemn vows but sorry thinking.

Siren, pleasant foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for thy treason !

Now I see, O seemly cruel,
Others warm them at my fuel,
Wit shall guide me in this durance
Since in love is no assurance :
Change thy pasture, take thy pleasure,
Beauty is a fading treasure.

Siren, pleasant foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for thy treason !

Prime youth lasts not, age will follow
And make white those tresses yellow ;
Wrinkled face, for looks delightful,
Shall acquaint the dame despiteful.
And when time shall date thy glory,
Then too late thou wilt be sorry.

Siren, pleasant foe to reason,
Cupid plague thee for thy treason !

Ascribed to Thomas Lodge.

CXLIII.

THE NIGHT COMETH.

O, FLY my soul ! What hangs upon
Thy drooping wings,
And weighs them down
With love of gaudy mortal things ?

JAMES I

The sun is now i' the east ; each shade
As he doth rise
Is shorter made,
That earth may lessen to our eyes :
Oh ! be not careless then, and play
Until the star of peace
Hide all his beams in dark recess.
Poor pilgrims needs must lose their way,
When all the shadows do increase.

James Shirley.



CXLIV.

A PASTORAL MORALIZING.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone :
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity :
"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry ;
"Teru, teru !" by and by ;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain !
None takes pity on thy pain :

LYRICAL VERSE

Senseless trees they cannot hear thee ;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee :
King Pandion he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapped in lead ;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
(Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.)
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find :
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
“ Pity but he were a king ; ”
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandment :
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown ;
They that fawned on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need :
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.

JAMES I

These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

Richard Barnfield.

CXLV.

ECHO'S LAMENT OF NARCISSUS.

SLOW, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt
tears :

Yet slower, yet ; O faintly, gentle springs :
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.
Droop herbs and flowers,
Fall grief in showers,
Our beauties are not ours ;
O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

Ben Jonson.

CXLVI.

MELANCHOLY.

HENCE, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly !
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy ;
O sweetest melancholy !
Welcome, folded arms, and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound !

LYRICAL VERSE

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves !
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd save bats and owls !
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon ;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

J. Fletcher.

CXLVII.

THE RIGHT LOVE.

LOVE not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart,—
For those may fail, or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever :
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why—
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever !

Anon.

CXLVIII.

THE WORLD'S FALLACIES.

FALSE world, thou liest : thou canst not lend
The least delight :
Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight :
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night :

JAMES I

Poor are the wants that thou supply'st :
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou viest
With heaven ; fond earth, thou boast'st ; false
world, thou liest.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure:
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure:
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her ;
There's none can want where thou supply'st,
There's none can give where thou deny'st ;
Alas ! fond world, thou boast'st ; false world
thou liest.

What well-advised ear regards
What earth can say ?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay :
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
Thou canst not play :
Thy game at weakest, still thou viest ;
If seen, and then revied, deny'st :
Thou art not what thou seem'st ; false world,
thou liest.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new-coin'd treasure ;
A paradise, that has no stint,
No change, no measure ;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure.
Vain earth ! that falsely thus comply'st
With man ; vain man, that thou rely'st
On earth : vain man, thou doat'st ; vain earth
thou liest.

LYRICAL VERSE

What mean, dull souls in this high measure
 To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
 Is dross and trash ;
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
 Is but a flash ?
Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with ? Are these the high'st ?
Can these bring cordial peace ? False world,
 thou liest.—*Francis Quarles.*

CLXIX.

TO ANTHEA.

BID me to live, and I will live
 Thy Protestant to be :
Or bid me love, and I will give
 A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
 A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
 That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay
 To honour thy decree :
Or bid it languish quite away,
 And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
 While I have eyes to see :
And having none, yet I will keep
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
 Under that cypress tree :

JAMES I

Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en Death, to die for thee.
Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me ;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.—*R. Herrick.*

CL.

WHEREIN LIES BEAUTY.

MAY I find a woman fair,
And her mind as clear as air ;
If her beauty go alone,
'Tis to me as if 'twere none.

May I find a woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch ;
If that pride should cause disdain,
Tell me, Lover, where's thy gain ?

May I find a woman wise,
And her falsehood not disguise ;
Hath she wit as she hath will,
Double-arm'd she is to ill.

May I find a woman kind,
And not wavering like the wind ;
How should I call that love mine,
When 'tis his, and his, and thine ?

May I find a woman true !
There is beauty's fairest hue,
There is beauty, love, and wit :
Happy he can compass it !—*F. Beaumont*

LYRICAL VERSE

CLI.

THE FANTASY OF DRESS.

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness :—
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction ;—
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher ;—
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly ;—
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat ;—
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility ;—
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.—*R. Herrick.*



CLII.

CRUEL LOVE.

WHEN thou must home to shades of underground,
And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iopé, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finish'd love
From that smooth tongue whose music hell
can move ;

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did
make,
Of tournaments and great challenges of Knights,
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake :

JAMES I

When thou hast told these honours done to
thee,

Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me !

T. Champion.



CLIII.

LIFE AND DEATH.

WHAT is the existence of Man's Life
But open war or slumber'd strife ?
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements,
And never feels a perfect peace
Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm, where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood ;
And each loud passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower which buds and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose ;
Whose Spring and Fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep,
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moralized in age and youth,
Where all the comforts he can share
As wandering as his fancies are ;
Till in the midst of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

LYRICAL VERSE

It is a dial, which points out
The sunset, as it moves about,
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight,
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts, vain hopes and varied fears :
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

Henry King.



CLIV.

LOVE THAT WILL ENDURE.

THERE is a Lady, sweet and kind,—
Was never face so pleased my mind !
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles :
Beguiles my heart, I know not why :
And yet I love her till I die.

Her free behaviour, winning looks,
Will make a lawyer burn his books :
I touch'd her not,—alas ! not I :
And yet I love her till I die.

Had I her fast betwixt mine arms,—
Judge, you that think such sports were harms !
Were't any harm ? No, no ! fie, fie !
For I will love her till I die.

JAMES I

Should I remain confinèd there
So long as Phoebus in his sphere,
I to request, she to deny,
Yet would I love her till I die.

Cupid is winged, and doth range
Her country,—so my Love doth change :
But change the earth or change the sky
Yet will I love her till I die.—*Anon.*



CLV.

THE NIGHT PIECE TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee ;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mis-light thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee ;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber ;
What though the moon does slumber ?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me ;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.—*Robert Herrick.*

LYRICAL VERSE

CLVI.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;
Death ! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Ben Jonson.



CLVII.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

LOVE me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song ;
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste ;
Still I would not have thee cold,
Or backward, or too bold,
For love that lasteth till 'tis old,
Fadeth not in haste.

Winter's cold, or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel :
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give or woo in vain,
So to thee farewell.—*Anon.*

JAMES I

CLVIII.

THE ABSTRACT OF MELANCHOLY

WHEN I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly :
Nought so sweet as melancholy !

When I lie waking, all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise :
Whether I tarry still or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly :
Nought so sad as melancholy !

When to myself I act, and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side, or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly :
Nought so sweet as melancholy !

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontents and furies,—then
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly :
None so sour as melancholy !

LYRICAL VERSE

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine,—
Here now, then there, the world is mine :
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.
All other joys to this are folly :
None so sweet as melancholy !

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Ghosts, goblins, fiends,—my phantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes ;
Doleful outcries, fearful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights,
All my griefs to this are jolly :
None so damn'd as melancholy !

Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
Methinks I now embrace my Miss :
O blessed days ! O sweet content !
In Paradise my time is spent.
Such thoughts may still my fancy move,
So may I ever be in love !
All my joys to this are folly ;
Nought so sweet as melancholy !

When I recount love's many frights,
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits,—O mine hard fate !
I now repent, but 'tis too late.
No torment is so bad as love,
So bitter to my soul can prove
All my griefs to this are jolly :
Nought so harsh as melancholy !

Friends and companions ! get you gone !
'Tis my desire to be alone :

JAMES I

Ne'er well but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy.
No gem, no treasure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss.
All my joys to this are folly :
Nought so sweet as melancholy !

'Tis my sole plague to be alone :
I am a beast, a monster grown ;
I will no light, no company,
I find it now my misery :
The scene is turn'd, my joys are gone,
Fear, discontent, and sorrows come.
All my griefs to this are jolly :
Nought so fierce as melancholy !

I'll not change life with any king,
I ravish'd am : can the world bring
More joy than still to laugh and smile,
In pleasant toys time to beguile ?
Do not, O do not trouble me !
So sweet content I feel and see,
All my joys to this are folly :
None so divine as melancholy !

I'll change my state with any wretch
Thou canst from jail or dunghill fetch ;
My pain past cure, another hell,
I may not in this torment dwell.
Now desperate, I hate my life :
Lend me a halter or a knife !
All my griefs to this are jolly :
Nought so damn'd as melancholy !

Robert Burton.

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Charles 3.

CLIX.

PHILLADA FLOUTS ME.

OH ! what a pain is love :
How shall I bear it ?
She will inconstant prove,
I greatly fear it.
She so torments my mind,
That my strength faileth,
And wavers with the wind
As a ship saileth :
Please her the best I may,
She loves still to gainsay :
Alack and well-a-day !
Phillada flouts me.

At the fair yesterday
She did pass by me,
She looked another way
And would not spy me :
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her ;
Will had her to the wine—
He might intreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she looked askance :
Oh ! thrice unhappy chance ;
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maid ! be not so coy,
Do not disdain me !
I am my mother's joy :
Sweet ! entertain me !
She'll give me when she dies
All that is fitting :

LYRICAL VERSE

Her poultry and her bees,
And her goose sitting,
A pair of mattress beds,
And a bag full of shreds ;
And yet, for all this gudes,
Phillada flouts me.

She hath a clout of mine,
Wrought with blue coventry,
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity :
But, 'faith, if she flinch,
She shall not wear it ;
To Tib, my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart
So soon from her to part :
Death strike me with his dart !
Phillada flouts me.

Thou shalt eat crudded cream
All the year lasting,
And drink the crystal stream
Pleasant in tasting,
Whig and whey whilst thou lust,
And ramble-berries,
Pie-lid and pastry crust,
Pears, plums, and cherries ;
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weevil's skin—
Yet all's not worth a pin :
Phillada flouts me.

Fair maiden ! have a care,
And in time take me ;
I can have those as fair,
If you forsake me :

CHARLES I

For Doll the dairy-maid
Laughed at me lately,
And wanton Winifred
Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose :
What wanting signs are those !
Phillada flouts me.

I cannot work nor sleep
At all in season :
Love wounds my heart so deep,
Without all reason.
I 'gin to pine away
In my love's shadow,
Like as a fat beast may
Penned in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year :
And for all that my dear
Phillada flouts me.—*Anon.*

CLX.

WHAT IS THE WORLD ?

WHAT is the world ? tell, worldling, if thou know it.
If it be good, why do all ills o'erflow it ?
If it be bad, why dost thou like it so ?
If it be sweet, how comes it bitter then ?
If it be bitter, what bewitcheth men ?
If it be friend, why kills it, as a foe,
Vain-minded men that over-love and lust it ?
If it be foe, fondling, how dar'st thou trust it ?

Joshua Sylvester.

LYRICAL VERSE

CLXI.

MYSTIC LOVE.

O THOU undaunted daughter of desires !
By all thy dower of lights and fires ;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;
By all thy lives and deaths of love ;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they ;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire ;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seiz'd thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His ;
By all the Heav'n thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim !)
By all of Him we have in thee ;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

Richard Crashaw.

CLXII.

A SONG OF FATE.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings ;
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill :
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still :

CHARLES I

Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.
The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See, where the victor-victim bleeds :
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

J. Shirley.

CLXIII.

ODE TO MASTER ANTHONY STAFFORD.

COME, spur away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down,
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town ;
I will the country see,
Where old simplicity,
Though hid in grey,
Doth look more gay
Than floppery in plush and scarlet clad.
Farewell, you city wits, that are
Almost at civil war ;
'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world
grows mad.

More of my days
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise ;
Or to make sport
For some slight puisne of the Inns-of-Court.

LYRICAL VERSE

Then, worthy Stafford, say,
How shall we spend the day?
With what delights
Shorten the nights?

When from this tumult we are got secure,
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet shall no finger lose ;
Where every word is thought, and every thought
is pure.

There from the tree
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry ;
And every day
Go see the wholesome country girls make hay,
Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face,
That I do know
Hyde Park can show.
Where I had rather gain a kiss than meet
(Though some of them in greater state
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the Cheap, and wives of Lombard
Street.

But think upon
Some other pleasures : these to me are none.
Why did I prate
Of women, that are things against my fate?
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed.
My muse is she
My love shall be.
Let clowns get wealth and heirs ; when I am
gone,
And the great bugbear, grisly death,
Shall take this idle breath,
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

CHARLES I

Of this no more ;
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store.
No fruit shall 'scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape.
Then (full) we'll seek a shade,
And hear what music's made ;
How Philomel
Her tale doth tell,
And how the other birds do fill the quire :
The thrush and blackbird lend their throats
Warbling melodious notes ;
We will all sports enjoy which others but desire.

Ours is the sky,
Whereat what fowl we please our hawk shall fly :
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty fox or timorous hare ;
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they'll choose,
The buck shall fall,
The stag, and all :
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,
For to my muse, if not to me,
I'm sure all game is free :
Heaven, earth, all are but parts of her great
royalty.

And when we mean
To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
And drink by stealth
A cup or two to noble Berkley's health,
I'll take my pipe and try
The Phrygian melody ;
Which he that hears,
Lets through his ears

LYRICAL VERSE

A madness to distemper all the brain.
Then I another pipe will take
And Doric music make,
To civilize with graver notes our wits again.
Thomas Randolph.

CLXIV.

MAN'S MORTALITY.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah had—
E'en such is man ; whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers ; the blossom blasteth ;
The flower fades ; the morning hasteth ;
The sun sets, the shadow flies ;
The gourd consumes ; and man he dies !

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearlèd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan—
E'en such is man ; who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life, and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended ;
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended ;
The hour is short, the span is long ;
The swan's near death ; man's life is done !
Ascribed to Simon Wastell.

CHARLES I

CLXV.

TO LUCASTA, GOING TO THE
WARS.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore,
I could not love thee, Dear, so much
Loved I not Honour more.

Colonel Lovelace.

CLXVI.

A WISH.

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known ;

Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be,
For all my use, not luxury.

My garden painted o'er

LYRICAL VERSE

With nature's hand, not art's ; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them ; I have liv'd to-day.

Abraham Cowley.



CLXVII.

DEATH THE CONQUEROR.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are ;
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,

Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are ;
Nor to these alone confined,
He hath at will

More quaint and subtle ways to kill ;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

J. Shirley.

CHARLES I

CLXVIII.

TO LUCASTA. GOING BEYOND THE SEAS.

IF to be absent were to be
 Away from thee ;
Or that when I am gone,
 You or I were alone ;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.
 Though seas and land betwixt us both,
 Our faith and troth,
 Like separated souls,
 All time and space controls :
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.
 So then we do anticipate
 Our after-fate,
 And are alive i' th' skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes
 Can speak like spirits unconfin'd
In heav'n, their earthly bodies left behind.
 Colonel Lovelace.

CLXIX.

LYCORIS, FAIR AND FALSE.

LATELY, by clear Thames his side,
Fair Lycoris I espied,
With the pen of her white hand
These words printing on the sand :
 None Lycoris doth approve
 But Mirtillo for her love.
Ah, false Nymph ! those words were fit
In sand only to be writ :

LYRICAL VERSE

For the quickly rising streams
Of Oblivion and the Thames
In a little moment's stay
From the shore wash'd clean away
What thy hand had there impress'd,
And Mirtillo from thy breast.

Sir Edward Sherburne.



CLXX.

CARPE DIEM.

Go, lovely Rose !
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be !

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

E. Waller.

CHARLES I

CLXXI.

FOOLISH CONSTANCY.

OUT upon it ! I have loved
Three whole days together ;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
Is due at all to me :
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but She.

Had it any been but She,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

Sir John Suckling.

CLXXII.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN these flowery meads would be ;
These crystal streams should solace me ;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle will rejoice ;
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love.

Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty ; please my mind

LYRICAL VERSE

To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
And then wash'd off by April showers ;
 Here, hear my Kenna sing a song ;
 There, see a blackbird feed her young.

Or, a laverock build her nest :
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love :
 Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
 Of princes' courts, I would rejoice.

Or, with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook ;
There sit with him and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set,
There bid good-morning to each day,
There meditate my time away,
 And angle on : and beg to have
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

Izaak Walton.

CLXXIII.

SONG.

IN DISPRAISE OF MODERATION.

GIVE me more love or more disdain,
 The torrid, or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain ;
 The temperate affords me none :
Either extreme of love or hate
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love,
 Like Danae in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure ; if it prove
 Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes ; and he's possess'd
Of Heaven that is from Hell releas'd ;

CHARLES I

Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;
Give me more love, or more disdain.

Thomas Carew.

CLXXIV.

TO CHLORIS SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

CHLORIS ! yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo, with so sweet a grace,
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

Edmund Waller.

CLXXV.

SONG.

TRUE LOVE IS FOLLY.

HONEST lover whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wavering thought, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same :

Know this,

Thou lovest amiss,

And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

LYRICAL VERSE

If when she appears i' the room
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover
Dost not speak thy words twice over,
 Know this,
 Thou lovest amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take,
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken
When she hath little or nothing spoken,
 Know this,
 Thou lovest amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within
Thou lett'st not men ask and ask again ;
And when thou answerest, if it be
To what was asked thee, properly,
 Know this,
 Thou lovest amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat
Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of meat,
And with much gazing on her face
Dost not rise hungry from the place,
 Know this,
 Thou lovest amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,

CHARLES I

And desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew,
 Know this,
 Thou lovest amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.
Sir John Suckling.

CLXXVI.

A MORNING SONG.

THE lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing, shakes his dewy wings,
He takes your window for the east,
 And to implore your light, he sings ;
Awake, awake, the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.
The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
 The ploughman from the sun his season takes ;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
 Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn !
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.
Sir William D'Avenant.

CLXXVII.

TO A YOUNG LOVER.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?
 Prythee, why so pale ?
Will, if looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Prythee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Prythee, why so mute ?

LYRICAL VERSE

Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prythee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,
This cannot take her ;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her :
The Devil take her !—*Sir J. Suckling.*

CLXXVIII.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind ;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done !

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair ;
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.
E. Waller.

CLXXIX.

CHLORIS.

CHLORIS ! if ere May be done
You but offer to be gone,
Flowers will wither, green will fade,
Nothing fresh nor gay be had.

CHARLES I

Farewell pleasure ! farewell Spring !
Farewell every sweeter thing !
The Year will pine away and mourn,
And Winter instantly return.

But if you vouchsafe to stay
Only till the end of May,
Take it upon Flora's word,
Never sweeter Spring was tow'rd,
Never was Favonian wind
More propitiously inclined,
Never was in heaven nor earth
Promised more profuser mirth.

Such sweet force your presence has
To bring joy to every place ;
Such a virtue has your sight,
All are cheered and gladdened by't ;
Such a freshness as does bring
Along with it perpetual Spring ;
Such a gaiety the while,
As makes both heaven and earth to smile.
Richard Flecknoe.

CLXXX.

AGAINST THEM WHO LAY UNCHASTITY TO THE SEX OF WOMEN.

THEY meet but with unwholesome springs
And summers which infectious are ;
They hear but when the mermaid sings,
And only see the falling star,
Who ever dare
Affirm no woman chaste and fair.

LYRICAL VERSE

Go, cure your fevers ; and you'll say
The dog-days scorch not all the year ;
In copper mines no longer stay,
But travel to the west, and there
The right ones see,
And grant all gold's not alchemy.
What madman, 'cause the glow-worm's flame
Is cold, swears there's no warmth in fire ?
'Cause some make forfeit of their name,
And slave themselves to man's desire,
Shall the sex, free
From guilt, damn'd to the bondage be ?
Nor grieve, Castara, though 'twere frail ;
Thy virtue then would brighter shine,
When thy example should prevail,
And every woman's faith be thine :
And were there none,
'Tis majesty to rule alone.—*W. Habington.*

CLXXXI.

A LOVER'S PROBLEM.

I PRYTHEE send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine :
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine ?
Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain,
For th' hast a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.
Why should two hearts in one breast lie
And yet not lodge together ?
O love, where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever ?

CHARLES I

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out :
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine :
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she hath mine.

Sir John Suckling.

CLXXXII.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates :
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye ;
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my King ;

LYRICAL VERSE

When I shall voice aloud, how good
He is, how great should be ;
Enlarged winds that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage ;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.—*Colonel Lovelace*



CLXXXIII.

TO HIS LOVE.

My dear and only Love ! I pray
That little world of thee
Be govern'd by no other sway
Than purest monarchy :
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone :
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

CHARLES I

And I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe :
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick, or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part
Or dare to vie with me,—
Or Committees if thou erect
And go on such a score,—
I'll mock and smile at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before ;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

Marquis of Montrose.



CLXXXIV.

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM.

WHEN I survey the bright
Celestial sphere :
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear ;

LYRICAL VERSE

Margarita first of all ;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had played,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catherine.
Beauteous Catherine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then and gentle Ann
Both to reign at once began.
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Ann the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose
And did rigorous laws impose,
A mighty tyrant she !
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred Queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me.
But soon those pleasures fled,
For the gracious Princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

CHARLES I

One month, three days, and half-an-hour
Judith held the sovereign power.
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came
Arm'd with a resistless flame
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly marched about
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obeyed
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy-maid,
To whom ensu'd a vacancy,
Thousand worse passions then possess
The interregnum of my breast.
Bless me from such an anarchy !

Gentle Henrietta then
And a third Mary next began,
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria.
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Katherine,
And then a long et cætera.

But should I now to you relate,
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things
That make up all their magazines ;

LYRICAL VERSE

If I should tell the politic arts
 To take and keep men's hearts,
 The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
 Numberless, nameless mysteries !

And all the little lime-twigs laid
 By Matchiavil the waiting-maid ;
 I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly, if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
 Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
 Since few of them were long with me.
 An higher and a nobler strain
My present Emperess does claim,
Heleonora, first o' the name ;
 Whom God grant long to reign !
 Abraham Cowley.

Commonwealth

CLXXXVII.

LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due :
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string ;
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse :
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destined urn ;
 And as he passes, turn
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill ;
 Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the grey fly winds her sultry horn,

LYRICAL VERSE

Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westerling
wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute ;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But, oh the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown
And all their echoes, mourn :
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless
deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream ;
Ay me ! I fondly dream—
Had ye been there . . . For what could that have
done ?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,

COMMONWEALTH

Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies:
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds!
That strain I heard was of a higher mood;
But now my oar proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beak'd promontory:

LYRICAL VERSE

They knew not of his story ;
And sage Hippotadés their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd ;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panopé with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath rest," quoth he, "my dearest
pledge?"

Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake ;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain) ;
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :
"How well could I have spared for thee, young

swain,

Know of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how
to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
What recks it them? What need they? They
are sped ;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw :
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,

COMMONWEALTH

But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said :
—But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.”

Return, Alpheús ; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks ;
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise :—
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away,—where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,

LYRICAL VERSE

Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold ;
—Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with
ruth :
—And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth !

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no
more,

For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor :
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear night of Him that walk'd the
waves ;

Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above

In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and
rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray ;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay :

COMMONWEALTH

At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

Milton.

CLXXXVIII.

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS OF BERMUDA.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along,
The listening winds received this song.
 " What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelates' rage :
He gave us this eternal Spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows :
He makes the figs our mouths to meet
And throws the melons at our feet ;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon, He stores the land ;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.

LYRICAL VERSE

He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay !"
—Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note :
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

A. Marvell.



CLXXXIX.

SONG FROM "COMUS."

SABRINA fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save !
Listen and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus,
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace ;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook ;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell ;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands ;

COMMONWEALTH

By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet ;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save !—*Milton.*

CXC.

MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire

Mirth, and youth, and warm desire !

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,

Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,

And welcome thee and wish thee long.

Milton.

CXCI.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,

Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,

LYRICAL VERSE

What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case,

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn :
While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did, or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try ;

Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

—This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd power :
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed ;
So much one man can do
That does both act and know.

COMMONWEALTH

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just,
And fit for highest trust ;

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand—
How fit he is to sway,
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame, to make it theirs :

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the Public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having kill'd, no more doth search,
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

—What may not then our Isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year ?

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy a Hannibal,
And to all States not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-colour'd mind,
But from this valour sad,
Shrink underneath the plaid—

LYRICAL VERSE

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But Thou, the War's and Fortune's son,
March indefatigably on ;
And for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect :

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.—*A Marvell.*



CXCIII.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide,—
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
I fondly ask :—But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts : who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : His state

Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest :—
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

Milton.

COMMONWEALTH

CXCIV.

THE LADY'S SONG IN "COMUS."

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell

By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale,

Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well :
Can'st thou not tell me of a gentler pair
That liketh thy Narcissus are ?

O ! if thou have

Hid them in some flowery cave,

Tell me but where,

Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere !
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's
harmonies !—*Milton*,



CXCV.

A GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose !

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear !
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.

LYRICAL VERSE

Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow ;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name :
Little, alas ! they know or heed,
How far these beauties her's exceed !
Fair trees ! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race ;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow ;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas ;

COMMONWEALTH

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide ;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden-state,
While man there walk'd without a mate ;
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new ;
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers !

A. Marvell.

CXCVI.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd saints, whose
bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;

LYRICAL VERSE

Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,

Forget not : in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant, that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.—*Milton.*



XCVII.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

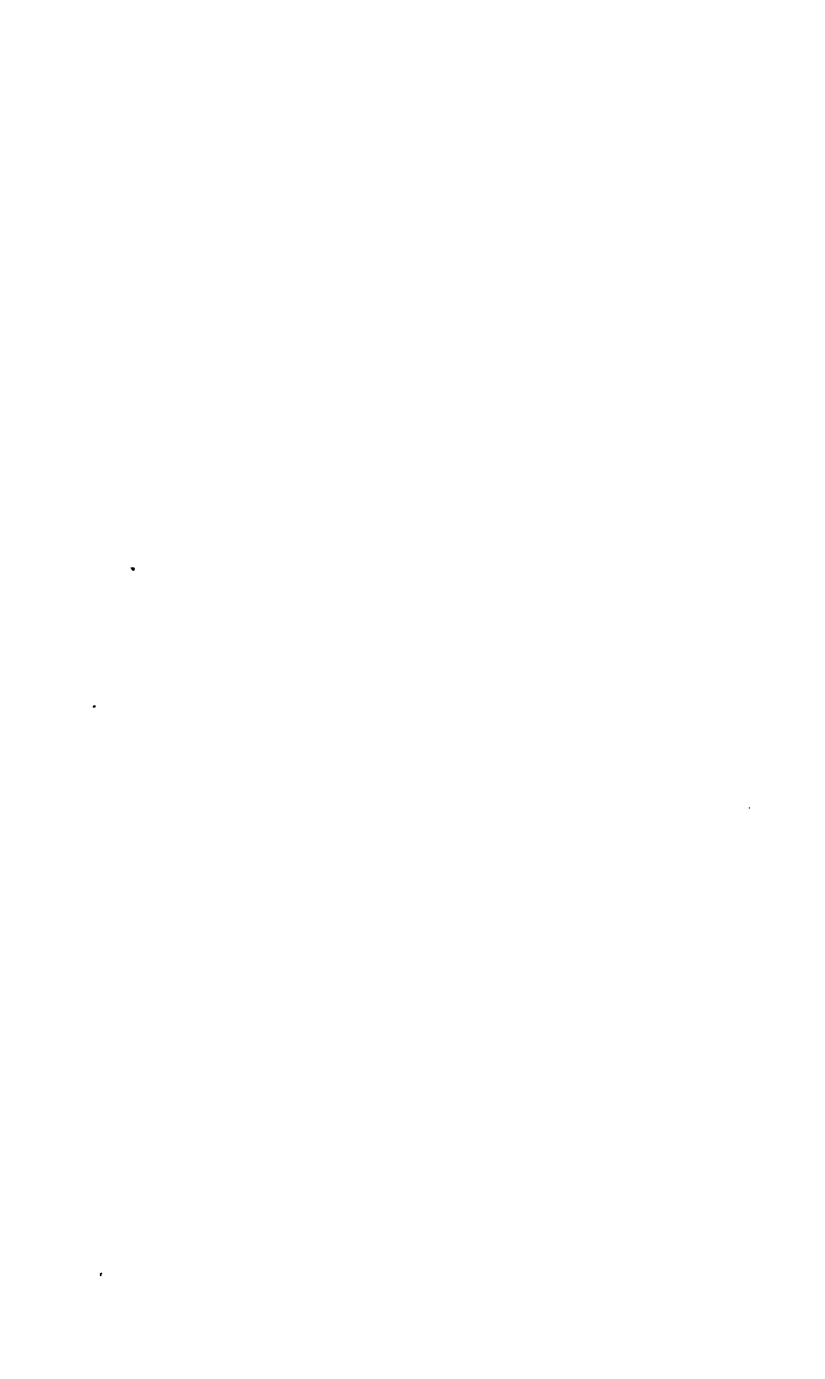
LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won

From the hard season gaining ? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice

Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air ?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.—*Milton.*

Charles 33.



CXCVIII.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR, THE
POWER OF MUSIC.

'TWAS at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son—
Aloft, in awful state
The Godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne ;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :
(So should desert in arms be crown'd).
The lovely Thais, by his side
Sate like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair !

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty love !
A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia prest,
And while he sought her snowy breast ;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of
the world.—

LYRICAL VERSE

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity ! they shout around :
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician
sung :
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums !
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face :
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he
comes !
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he
slew the slain—
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he Heaven and Earth defied,
Changed his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse :
He sung Darius great and good,

CHARLES II.

By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood ;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed ;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
—With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul,
The various turns of Chance below ;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree ;
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble ;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying :
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee !
—The many rend the skies with loud applause :
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
At length, with love and wine at once opprest,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

LYRICAL VERSE

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head :
As awaked from the dead,
And, amazed, he stares around.
"Revenge, revenge !" Timotheus cries,
"See the Furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
And, unburied, remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods."
—The princes applaud with a furious joy :
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to
destroy ;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy !

—Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

CHARLES II

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
before.
—Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down !—*J. Dryden.*

CXCIX.

SONG FROM "ABDELAZAR."

LOVE in fantastic triumph sate,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flowed,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he showed.
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurled ;
But 'twas from mine he took desires
Enough to undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty ;
From me his languishments and fears,
And every killing dart from thee ;
Thus thou and I the god have armed,
And set him up a deity ;
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
Whilst thine the victor is, and free.

Aphra Behn.

LYRICAL VERSE

CC.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

YE gentlemen of England,
That live at home at ease,
Ah ! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly show
All the cares and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy, etc.

If enemies oppose us
When England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wound or scar ;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel on the keel,
And the stormy winds do blow.
And the stormy, etc.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismayed ;
While we have bold adventurers,
We ne'er shall want a trade :
Our merchants will employ us
To fetch them wealth, we know ;
Then be bold—work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.
When the stormy, etc.
Martyn Parker.

CHARLES II

CCI.

CHILD AND MAIDEN.

AH, Chloris ! could I now but sit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness or pain !
When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
Like metals in a mine ;
Age from no face takes more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
So love as unperceived did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion for your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart :
Each gloried in their wanton part ;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art—
To make a beauty, she.—*Sir C. Sedley.*

CCII.

THE JEALOUS LOVER.

My dear Mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me ;

LYRICAL VERSE

When, with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me ;
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses ;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kisses ;
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

Rochester.



CCIII.

SONG ON AN OVER-ASSURED MISTRESS.

DORINDA's sparkling wit and eyes
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies ;
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy :
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace ;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

CHARLES II

CCIV.

A FICKLE MAID.

PHILLIS is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas ;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please ;
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phillis smiling,
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Tho', alas ! too late I find,
Nothing can her fancy fix ;
Yet the moment she is kind,
I forgive her all her tricks ;
Which, tho' I see,
I can't get free ;
She deceiving,
I believing ;
What need lovers wish for more ?
Sir C. Sedley.

CCV.

THE PEREMPTORY LOVER.

'Tis not your beauty, not your wit
That can my heart obtain,
For they could never conquer yet
Either my breast or brain ;
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth I'll scorn your slave to be
And doat on you no more.

LYRICAL VERSE

Think not my fancy to o'ercome
By proving thus unkind ;
No smoothèd sigh, nor smiling frown,
Can satisfy my mind.
Pray let Platonics play such pranks,
Such follies I deride ;
For love at least I will have thanks,—
And something else beside !
Then open-hearted be with me,
As I shall be, I vow,
And let our actions be as free
As virtue will allow.
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,—
If constant, I'll be true ;
If Fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as soon as you.
Since our affections, well you know,
In equal terms do stand,
'Tis in your power to love or no,
Mine's likewise in my hand.
Dispense with your austerity,
Inconstancy abhor,
Or, by great Cupid's deity,
I'll never love you more.—*Anon.*

CCVI.

SONG WRITTEN AT SEA.

To all you Ladies now at land
We men at sea indite ;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write ;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.

CHARLES II

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind ;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen, or by wind ;
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring 'em twice a day.

The King with wonder and surprise
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they used of old ;
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall Stairs.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree,
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind ?

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind,
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find ;
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main,

LYRICAL VERSE

Or else at serious ombre play ;
 But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you !

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
 And cast our hopes away ;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
 Sit careless at a play :
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.

When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dies in ev'ry note,
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
 For being so remote,
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.

In justice you can not refuse
 To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
 Our certain happiness ;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity for our tears :
Let's hear of no inconstancy !
We have too much of that at sea.

The Earl of Dorset.

CHARLES II

CCVII.

SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

FROM Harmony, from heavenly Harmony,
 This universal frame began :
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 “ Arise, ye more than dead ! ”

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began ;
 From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?
 When Jubal struck the chordèd shell,
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not
 dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
 And mortal alarms.

LYRICAL VERSE

The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum,
Cries "Hark ! the foes come ;
Charge, charge ! 'tis too late to retreat."

The soft complaining flute,
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh ! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise ?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre :
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher :
When to her Organ vocal breath was given,
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd—
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

Grand Chorus.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above ;

CHARLES II

So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.—*J. Dryden.*

CCVIII.

MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

MY lodging it is on the cold ground,
And hard, very hard is my fare,
But that which grieves me most, love,
Is the unkindness of my dear.
Yet still I cry, Oh, turn, love,
I prithee, love, turn to me,
For thou art the only one, love,
That art adored by me !

I'll twine thee a garland of straw, love,—
I'll marry thee with a rush ring,
My frozen hopes shall thaw, love,
And merrily we will sing :
Then turn to me, my dear love,
I prithee, love, turn to me !
For thou art the only one, love,
That art adored by me !

Sir William D'Avenant.

CCIX.

SONG FROM "CLEOMENES."

No, no, poor suffering heart, no change endeavour,
Choose to sustain the smart rather than leave her ;

LYRICAL VERSE

My ravished eyes behold such charms about her,
I can die with her, but not live without her ;
One tender sigh of hers to see me languish,
Will more than pay the price of my past anguish :
Beware, oh cruel fair, how you smile on me,
'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
And she will end my pain who did begin it.
Then no day void of bliss, of pleasure, leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving.
Cupid shall guard the door, the more to please us.
And keep out Time and Death when they would
seize us.

Time and Death shall depart, and say in flying,
Love has found out a way to live by dying.

J. Dryden.

CCX.

UNWITTING CONSTANCY.

Not, Celia, that I juster am,
Or better than the rest,
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
By every thought I have ;
Thy face I only care to see ;
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
In thy dear self I find—
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
And still make love anew ?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.—*Sir C. Sedley.*

William and Mary

CCXI.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY, FIVE
YEARS OLD, MDCCIV.
THE AUTHOR THEN FORTY.

LORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous band,
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworms beds,
With all the tender things I swear ;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair ;

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas ! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends ;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained, (would Fate but mend it !)

LYRICAL VERSE

That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

Matthew Prior.

CCXII.

STELLA'S BIRTHDAY, 1720.

ALL travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign ;
And, if they find the chamber neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel Inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd,
The House will never lose its trade :
Nay, tho' the treacherous tapster, Thomas
Hangs a new angel two doors from us,
As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel Inn.

Now this is Stella's case, in fact ;
An angel's face, a little crack'd ;
(Could poets, or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six :)
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind ;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
And puts them but to small expense ;
Their minds so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,

WILLIAM AND MARY

So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives !
And had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face ;
Or stop and light at Chloe's head, 1
With scraps and leavings to be fed ?

Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six, and thirty-eight ;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken ;
Your innuendoes, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows :
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve ;
That should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be grey,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face ;
That you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe
To make you look like beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen ;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind ;
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at four score.

Jonathan Swift.

CCXIII.

A BETTER ANSWER.

DEAR Chloe, how blubbered is that pretty face !
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all un-
curled :

LYRICAL VERSE

Pr'ythee quit this caprice ; and (as old Falstaff
says)

Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to
destroy

The beauties which Venus but lent to thy
keeping ?

Those looks were designed to inspire love and joy :
More ordinary eyes may serve people for
weeping.

To be vexed at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my passion you
wrong :

You take that for fact, which will scarce be found
wit :

Od's life ! must one swear to the truth of a
song ?

What I speak, my fair Chloe, and what I write,
shows

The difference there is betwixt nature and art :
I court others in verse ; but I love thee in prose :
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my
heart.

The god of us verse-men (you know, child), the sun,
How after his journeys he sets up his rest :
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run ;
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come :
No matter what beauties I saw in my way :
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

WILLIAM AND MARY

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war ;
And let us, like Horace and Lydia agree :
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

Matthew Prior.

CCXIV.

SONG.

FALSE though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge ;
For still the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.

In hours of bliss we oft have met,
They could not always last ;
And though the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

William Congreve.

CCXV.

HER RIGHT NAME.

As Nancy at her toilet sat,
Admiring this and blaming that ;
" Tell me," she said ; " but tell me true ;
The nymph who could your heart subdue,
What sort of charms does she possess ?"
" Absolve me, Fair One : I'll confess
With pleasure," I replied. " Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her ivory bosom roll,
And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half-round
Love sits in open triumph crown'd :

LYRICAL VERSE

He in the dimple of her chin,
In private state, by friends is seen.
Her eyes are neither black, nor grey ;
Nor fierce, nor feeble in their ray ;
Their dubious lustre seems to show
Something that speaks nor Yes, nor No.
Her lips no living bard, I weet,
May say, how red, how round, how sweet.
Old Homer only could indite
Their vagrant grace and soft delight :
They stand recorded in his book,
When Helen smiled, and Hebe spoke—"
The gipsy, turning to her glass,
Too plainly show'd she knew the face :
"And which am I most like ?" she said,
"Your Chloe, or your Nut-Brown Maid ?"

Matthew Prior.

CCXVI.

AMORET.

FAIR Amoret is gone astray ;
Pursue and seek her, every lover !
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected ;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em ;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct 'em.

WILLIAM AND MARY

likes herself, yet others hates
that which in herself she prizes ;
while she laughs at them, forgets
it is the thing that she despises.

William Congreve.

CCXVII.

THE DISSEMBLING POET.

merchant, to secure his treasure,
veys it in a borrow'd name :
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
that Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—
When Chloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd :
I sung, and gazed ; I play'd and trembled :
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

Matthew Prior.

CCXVIII.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

DISTRACTED with care
For Phyllis the fair ;

LYRICAL VERSE

Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
 No longer to languish,
 Nor bear so much anguish,
But, mad with his love,
 To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
 Would finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
 Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
 And the bottom how deep,
His torments projecting,
 And sadly reflecting
That a lover forsaken
 A new love may get,
But a neck when once broken
 Can never be set :
And, that he could die
 Whenever he would,
Whereas he could live
 But as long as he could,
How grievous soever
 The torment might grow,
He scorned to endeavour
 To finish it so,
But, bold, unconcerned
 At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly returned
 To his cottage again.

William Walsh.

WILLIAM AND MARY

CCXIX.

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

WAIL thou most sacred venerable thing !
What Muse is worthy thee to sing ?
Thee, from whose pregnant universal womb
All things, ev'n Light, thy rival, first did come.
What dares he not attempt that sings of thee,
Thou first and greatest mystery ?
Who can the secrets of thy essence tell ?
Thou, like the light of God, art inaccessible.

Before great Love this monument did raise,
This ample theatre of praise ;
Before the folding circles of the sky
Were tuned by Him, Who is all harmony ;
Before the morning Stars their hymn began,
Before the council held for man,
Before the birth of either time or place,
Thou reign'st unquestion'd monarch in the empty
space.

Thy native lot thou didst to Light resign,
But still half of the globe is thine.
Here with a quiet, but yet awful hand,
Like the best emperors thou dost command.
To thee the stars above their brightness owe,
And mortals their repose below :
To thy protection fear and sorrow flee,
And those that weary are of light, find rest
in thee.—*J. Norris, of Bemerton.*

Anne

CCXX.

OF ONE NEW FALLEN IN LOVE.

My days have been so wond'rous free,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increased their stream ?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them ?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fixed upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines !
Ye swains that haunt the grove !
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds !
Ye close retreats of love !

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design ;
O teach a young, unpractised heart,
To make my Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair ;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mixed with soft distress ;
Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.—*Thomas Parnell.*

LYRICAL VERSE

CCXXI.

POLYPHEME'S SONG.

O RUDDIER than the cherry !
O sweeter than the berry !
O nymph more bright
Than moonshine night,
Like kidlings, blithe and merry !
Ripe as the melting cluster,
No lily has such lustre ;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster.

John Gay.



CCXXII.

OH ! DEAR ! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE ?

OH ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Dear ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised he'd buy me a fairing should please me,
And then for a kiss, oh ! he vow'd he would tease
me,
He promised he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

And it's oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Dear ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?
Johnny's so long at the fair.

ANNE

He promised he'd bring me a basket of posies,
A garland of lilies, a garland of roses,
A little straw hat, to set off the blue ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown hair.
And it's oh! dear! etc.—*Anon.*



George 3.

CCXXIII.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

King Charles's golden days,
 Obedience no harm meant,
 A High Churchman was I,
 I got preferment.
 My flock I never miss'd,
 Were by God appointed,
 And are those that do resist,
 Against the Lord's anointed.
 This is law that I'll maintain
 To my dying day, sir ;
 For King in England reign,
 As the Vicar of Bray, sir.

For royal James obtain'd the crown,
 When Popery came in fashion,
 Those cruel laws I hooted down,
 And read the " Declaration."
 The Church of Rome I found would fit
 To well my constitution,
 Had become a Jesuit
 At for the Revolution.
 This is law that I'll maintain, etc.

When William was our king declar'd,
 To ease the nation's grievance,
 With this new wind about I steer'd,
 And vow'd to him allegiance.
 All principles I did revoke,
 Set conscience at a distance ;
 Passive obedience was a joke,
 A jest was non-resistance.
 This is law that I'll maintain, etc.

LYRICAL VERSE

When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory.
Occasional Conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was
By such prevarication.
But this is law that I'll maintain, etc.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And mod'rate men look'd big, sir,
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir ;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender,
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law that I'll maintain, etc.

The illustrious House of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear,
While they can keep possession ;
For, in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be
Until the times do alter.
And this is law that I'll maintain, etc.—*Anon.*



CCXXIV.

SYLVIA.

TILL death I Sylvia must adore ;
No time my freedom can restore ;

GEORGE I

For though her rigour makes me smart,
Yet when I try to free my heart,
Straight all my senses take her part.

And when against the cruel maid
I call my reason to my aid ;
By that, alas ! I plainly see
That nothing lovely is but she ;
And reason captivates me more
Than all my senses did before.—*Anon.*

CCXXV.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
“ Sister spirit, come away.”
What is this absorbs me quite ?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

Alexander Pope.

LYRICAL VERSE

CCXXVI.

THE YELLOW-HAIRED LADDIE.

THE Yellow-hair'd Laddie sat down on yon brae,
Cries—Milk the ewes, Lassie ! let nane o' them
gae !

And ay she milked, and ay she sang—
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie shall be my gudeman !
And ay she milked, and ay she sang—
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie shall be my gudeman !

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin ;
The ewes are new-clipped, they winna bught in :
They winna bught in, tho' I should die,—
O Yellow-hair'd Laddie ! be kind to me.
They winna bught in, though I should die,—
O Yellow-hair'd Laddie ! be kind to me.

The gude wife cries butt the house—Jenny ! come
ben :

The cheese is to mak' and the butter's to kirn.
Though butter and cheese and a' should sour,
I'll crack and kiss wi' my Love ae haff hour.
It's ae haff hour, and we's e'en mak' it three :
For the Yellow-hair'd Laddie my husband shall be.

Allan Ramsay.

George 33.

CCXXVII.

TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE
LOVE.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice than hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before—
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

George, Lord Lyttelton.

CCXXVIII.

TULLOCHGORUM.

COME, gie's a sang ! Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies 't for folk to chide
For what was done before them:

[The page contains faint, illegible markings or bleed-through from the reverse side.]

GEORGE II

And sullen sots themselfs distress

Wi' keeping up decorum.

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,

Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,

Sour and sulky shall we sit

Like auld Philosophorum?

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,

Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,

Nor ever rise to shake a fit

To th' reel o' Tullochgorum

May choicest blessings ay attend

Each honest, open-hearted friend,

And calm and quiet be his end,

And a' that's good watch o'er him !

May peace and plenty be his lot,

Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,

May peace and plenty be his lot,

And dainties a great store o' them ;

May peace and plenty be his lot,

Unstain'd by any vicious spot,

And may he never want a groat

That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

But for the sullen frumpish fool,

That loves to be oppression's tool,

May envy gnaw his rotten soul,

And discontent devour him !

May dool and sorrow be his chance,

Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,

May dool and sorrow be his chance,

And nane say, wae's me for him !

May dool and sorrow be his chance,

Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,

Whae'er he be that winna dance

The reel o' Tullochgorum.

John Skinner.

LYRICAL VERSE

CCXXIX.

TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-hair'd
sun

Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing ;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning
vale,

May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
As musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return !

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge

And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,

GEORGE II

The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires ;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
The dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he
wont,

And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name !— *W. Collins.*

CCXXX.

ODE WRITTEN IN 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest !

LYRICAL VERSE

When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

W. Collins.



CCXXXI.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best !
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged Nurse ! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore :
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others'
woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,

GEORGE II

Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flattering Foe ;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again
believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend :
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty :

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

T. Gray.

LYRICAL VERSE

CCXXXII.

THE BARD.

Pindaric Ode.

“RUIN seize thee, ruthless King !
Confusion on thy banners wait ;
Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail,
Nor e’en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears !”
— Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo’ster stood aghast in speechless trance ;
“To arms !” cried Mortimer, and couch’d his
quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o’er cold Conway’s foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream’d like a meteor to the troubled air)
And with a master’s hand and prophet’s fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
“Hark, how each giant-oak and desert-cave
Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice beneath !
O’er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they
wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
Vocal no more, since Cambria’s fatal day,
To high-born Hoel’s harp, or soft Llewellyn’s lay.

GEORGE II

“Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,
That hush’d the stormy main :
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon’s shore they lie,
Smear’d with gore and ghastly pale :
Far, far aloof th’ affrighted ravens sail ;
The famish’d eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country’s cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep ;
On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
I see them sit ; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land :
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy
line.

“Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward’s race :
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death thro’ Berkley’s roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king !
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven ! What terrors round him
wait !
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.

LYRICAL VERSE

What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case,

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn :
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did, or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try ;

Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

—This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd power :
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed ;
So much one man can do
That does both act and know.

LYRICAL VERSE

“Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies !
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled ?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?
—Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes :
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm :
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s sway,
That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his evening
prey.

“Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare ;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
Long years of havock urge their destined course,
And thro’ the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort’s faith, his father’s fame,
And spare the meek usurper’s holy head !
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
The bristled boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o’er the accursèd loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

GEORGE II

“Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun ;)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done ;)
Stay, O stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblest’d, unpitied, here to mourn :
In yon bright track that fires the western skies
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail :—
All hail, ye genuine kings ! Britannia’s issue, hail !

“Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line :
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play ?
Hear from the grave, great Talliessin, hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour’d
 wings.

“The verse adorn again,
 Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 In buskin’d measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

LYRICAL VERSE

A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear,
And distant warblings lessen on my ear
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine
cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of
day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me : with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign :
Be thine despair and sceptred care,
To triumph and to die are mine."
—He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's
height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless
night. — *T. Gray.*

CCXXXIII.

JOHNNIE COPE.

COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar :—
"Charlie, meet me, an ye dare !
And I'll learn you the art o' war
If you'll meet wi' me i' the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waking yet ?
Or are your drums a-beating yet ?
If ye were waking, I would wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.
When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
"Come follow me, my merry, merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning!"

GEORGE II

"Now, Johnnie, be as good's your word,
Come let us try both fire and sword ;
And dinna rin awa' like a frightened bird,
That's chased frae its nest in the morning."

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss,
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flie awa' i' the morning.

"Fy now, Johnnie, get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes makes a din ;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be bluddie in the morning."

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him, "Where's a' your men ?"
"The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning."

"Now, Johnnie, troth ye was na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
Sae early in the morning."

"Oh ! faith, quo' Johnnie, I got a fleg
Wi' their claymores and philabegs ;
If I face them again, deil break my legs—
So I wish you a' gude morning."

Adam Skirving.



CCXXXIV.

SONG FROM "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,—
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away ?

LYRICAL VERSE

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

O. Goldsmith.

CCXXXV.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :
Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine !

GEORGE II

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd
And manly hearts to guard the fair :—
Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves !

J. Thomson.

CCXXXVI.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVETT.

CONDEMNED to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind ;
Nor lettered arrogance deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

LYRICAL VERSE

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride ;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then, with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

Samuel Johnson.

CCXXXVII.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

“BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow ;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.”

“Where gat ye that bonnie, bonnie bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?”

“I gat her where I dare na weel be seen,
Pu’ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

“Weep not, weep not, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow ;
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pu’ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.”

GEORGE II

“ Why does she weep, thy bonnie, bonnie bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why daur ye nae mair weel be seen
Pu’ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow? ”

“ Lang maun she weep, long maun she, maun she
weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen
Pu’ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

“ For she has tint her lover, lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow ;
And I ha’e slain the comeliest swain
That e’er pu’d birks on the braes of Yarrow.

“ Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, reid ?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow ?
And why yon melancholeous weeds,
Hung on the bonnie birks of Yarrow ?

“ What’s yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flood ?
What’s yonder floats ? Oh dule and sorrow !
Oh ! ’tis the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful braes of Yarrow !

“ Wash, oh, wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the braes of Yarrow !

“ Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise
His helpless fate on the braes of Yarrow.

“ Curse ye, curse ye his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,

LYRICAL VERSE

The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
His comely breast, on the braes of Yarrow.

“Did I not warn thee not to love,
And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
O'er-rashly bold, a stronger arm
Thou met'st and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

“Sweet smells the birk; green grows, green grows
the grass,
Yellow on Yarrow's braes the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan'.

“Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows
Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

“Fair was thy love! fair, fair indeed thy love!
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair, and well-beloved again,
Than me he never loved thee better.

“Busk ye, then, busk, my bonnie, bonnie bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
Busk ye, and lo'e me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.”

“How can I busk, a bonnie, bonnie bride?
How can I busk, a winsome marrow?
How lo'e him on the banks of Tweed,
That slew my Love on the braes of Yarrow?

“O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my Love,
My Love, as he had not been a lover!

GEORGE II

“The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, ’twas my ain sewin’ :
Ah, wretched me ! I little, little knew,
He was in these to meet his ruin.

“The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white
steed,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow ;
But, ere the toofal of the night,
He lay a corpse on the braes of Yarrow.

“Much I rejoiced that waeful, waeful day,
I sang, my voice the woods returning ;
But lang ere night the spear was floun
That slew my Love, and left me mourning.

“What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
My lover’s blood is on thy spear ;
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me ?

- “My happy sisters may be, may be proud ;
With cruel and ungentle scoffing
May bid me seek on Yarrow’s braes
My lover nailèd in his coffin.

“My brother Douglas may upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me ;
My lover’s blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me love thee ?

“Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
With bridal sheets my body cover ;
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband-lover !

“But who the expected husband, husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah me ! what ghastly spectre’s yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

LYRICAL VERSE

"Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
Oh, lay his cold head on my pillow !
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.

"Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,
Oh, could my warmth to life restore thee !
Yet lie all night between my breasts ;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

"Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth !
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts ;
No youth shall ever lie there after."

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride !
Return, and dry thy useless sorrow :
Thy lover heeds naught of thy sighs ;
He lies a corpse on the braes of Yarrow !"

William Hamilton.

George 333.

CCXXXVIII.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

IF doughty deeds my lady please
 Right soon I'll mount my steed ;
 And strong his arm, and fast his seat
 That bears frae me the meed.
 I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
 Thy picture at my heart ;
 And he that bends not to thine eye
 Shall rue it to his smart !
 Then tell me how to woo thee, Love ;
 O tell me how to woo thee !
 For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
 Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye
 I'll dight me in array ;
 I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
 And squire thee all the day.
 If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
 These sounds I'll strive to catch ;
 Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysel',
 That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
 I never broke a vow ;
 Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
 I never loved but you.
 For you alone I ride the ring,
 For you I wear the blue ;
 For you alone I strive to sing,
 O tell me how to woo !
 Then tell me how to woo thee, Love ;
 O tell me how to woo thee !
 For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
 Tho' ne'er another trow me.

Graham of Gartmore.

LYRICAL VERSE

CCXXXIX.

TO MARY UNWIN.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast ;
Ah would that this might be the last !
My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more ;
My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary !

But well thou playedst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream ;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary !

GEORGE III

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last—
My Mary!—*W. Cowper.*



CCXL.

TO THE SAME.

MARY! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from Heaven as some have feign'd they
drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,

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GEORGE III

Deft his tabor, cudgel stout,
O he lies by the willow-tree !
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing
In the briar'd dell below ;
Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

See ! the white moon shines on high ;
Whiter is my true love's shroud ;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Here upon my true love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid :
Not one holy Saint to save
All the coldness of a maid !
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll gird the briars
Round his holy corse to grow.
Elfin Faëry, light your fires ;
Here my body still shall bow.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

GEORGE III

come, for empire far renowned,
tramples on a thousand states ;
on her pride shall kiss the ground,—
mark ! the Gaul is at her gates.

Other Romans shall arise,
heedless of a soldier's name,
hands, not arms, shall win the prize,
harmony the path to fame.

When the progeny that springs
from the forests of our land,
armed with thunder, clad with wings,
shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
sounding as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

With all the monarch's pride,
She met them in her bosom glow,
Led to battle, fought and died,
Singing, hurled them at the foe.

And, pitiless as proud,
Even awards the vengeance due ;
Which is on us bestowed,
Where peace and ruin wait for you

W. Cowper.

LYRICAL VERSE

Come with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood away ;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Water-witches crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your lethal tide.
I die ! I come ! My true love waits !
Thus the damsel spake, and died.
Thomas Chatterton.

CCXLII.

BOADICEA.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief :

“ Princess ! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

“ Rome shall perish,—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt ;
Perish hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

GEORGE III

“Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states ;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates.

“Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier’s name,
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

“Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.”

Such the bard’s prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all the monarch’s pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought and died,
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you

W. Cowper.

LYRICAL VERSE

CCXLIII.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main-mast by the board ;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore
To be once more
Safe moored with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song :

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main-mast by the board.

And on that night when all the crew
The memory of their former lives,
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh and think on thee ;
And, as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burden of my song shall be,

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main-mast by the board.

Charles Dibdin.

GEORGE III

CCXLIV.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

THE poplars are fell'd, farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade ;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they
grew :

And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade !

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
And the scene where his melody charm'd me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys ;
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

W. Cowper.

CCXLV.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

AND are ye sure the news is true ?
And are ye sure he's wee ?

LYRICAL VERSE

Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel;
Is this the time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Gie me my cloak! I'll to the quay
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava;
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie me down my bigonet,
My bishop satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My stockins pearly blue;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak' a clean fireside;

Put on the muckle pot;

Gie little Kate her cotton gown
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
Been fed this month and mair,
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'?

GEORGE III

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath's like caller air !
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair—
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet !

If Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave :
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave :
And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava ;
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

W. J. Mickle.

CCXLVI.

THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

I AM monarch of all I survey ;
My right there is none to dispute :
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude ! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

LYRICAL VERSE

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more :
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair ;

GEORGE III

Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace
And reconciles man to his lot.—*W. Cowper.*

CCXLVII.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free !
If any star shed peace, 'tis Thou
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies, '
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse ;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.—*T. Campbell.*

CCXLVIII.

POOR JACK.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like ;

「這是我昨天，第一次，用英文

寫的，我寫得不錯吧？」

「你寫得很好，我看了，覺得

你寫得很好，我看了，覺得

你寫得很好，我看了，覺得

你寫得很好，我看了，覺得

你寫得很好，我看了，覺得

你寫得很好，我看了，覺得

你寫得很好，我看了，覺得

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你寫得很好，我看了，覺得

你寫得很好，我看了，覺得

你寫得很好，我看了，覺得

GEORGE III

What then? All's a hazard: come, don't be so
soft;

Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, not offering to
flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides and
ends,

Nought's a trouble from a duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my
friend's,

And as for my life, 'tis the king's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so
soft,

As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack!

Charles Dibdin.

CCXLIX.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

GEM of the crimson-colour'd Even,
Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heaven,
Beloved Star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns
When soft the tear of twilight flows;
So due thy plighted love returns
To chambers brighter than the rose;

LYRICAL VERSE

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love
So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamour'd orb above
Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour
When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chased by the soul-subduing power
Of Love's delicious witchery.

O ! sacred to the fall of day
Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise, and long delay,
When Caroline herself is here !

Shine on her chosen green resort
Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers, that well may court
An angel's feet to tread them down :—

Shine on her sweetly scented road
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue :—

Where, winnow'd by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline
In converse sweet to wander far—
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my Ruling Star !

T. Campbell.

GEORGE III

CCL.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had
lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the
sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
power'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw ;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-
reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I
swore
From my home and my weeping friends never
to part ;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of
heart.

LYRICAL VERSE

When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

T. Campbell.

CCLXI.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

THE news frae Moidart cam' yestreen
Will soon gar mony ferlie ;
For ships o' war hae just come in
And landit Royal Charlie.

Come through the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' th' welcomer early ;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be King but Charlie ?
Come through the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, com a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu' lawfu' King,
For wha'll be King but Charlie ?

The Hieland clans, wi' sword in hand,

Frae John o' Groats to Airlie,
Hae to a man declared to stand,
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.

Come through the heather, etc.

The Lowlands a', baith great and sma',
Wi' many a lord and laird, hae
Declared for Scotia's King and law,
And spier ye wha but Charlie ?

Come through the heather, etc.

There's nae a lass in a' the lan'
But vows faith late an' early,
She'll ne'er to man gie heart nor han',
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.

Come through the heather, etc.

GEORGE III

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad ;
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie ;
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye aye sall be my dearie.—*Isabel Pagan.*

CCLII.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye
at hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in show'rs frae my
e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for
his bride ;
But saving a crown, he had naething else beside :
To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to
sea—
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had na been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow^{ie}
stown awa' ;
My mother she fell sick, and my Jam^{ie} the
sea !
And auld Robin Gray came a courtin'

LYRICAL VERSE

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna
spin ;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna
win ;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in
his e'e
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me !"

My heart it said nay ; I look'd for Jamie back ;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wrack ;
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee ?
Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me ?

My father urgit sair : my mother didna speak ;
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like
to break :
They gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the
sea ;
Sae auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it
he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame for to marry thee."

O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away :
I wish I were dead ! but I'm no like to dee ;
And why do I live to say, Wae's me ?

I sang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;
I couldna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

Lady A. Lindsay.

GEORGE III

CCLIII.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'M wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'

To the land o' the leal !
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither could nor care, John,
The day is aye fair

In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And oh ! we grudg'd her sair

To the land o' the leal.

But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
And joy that's aye to last

In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought

To the land o' the leal.

Oh ! dry your glistening e'e, John,
My soul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me

To the land o' the leal.

Oh ! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
And I'll welcome you

To the land o' the leal.

Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John ;
We'll meet, and aye be fain,

In the land o' the leal.—*Lady Nairn*

LYRICAL VERSE

CCLXVI.

LUCY ASHTON'S SONG.

LOOK not thou on beauty's charming,—
Sit thou still when kings are arming,—
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—
Speak not when the people listens,—
Stop thine ear against the singer,—
From the red gold keep thy finger,—
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

CCLXVII.

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

O, WERT thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea ;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee ;
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
'The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.
Robert Burns.

GEORGE III

Smile on our loves ; and while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy West Wind sleep on
The lake ; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes
And wash the dusk with silver.—Soon, full soon,
Dost thou withdraw ; then the wolf rages wide,
And the lion glares through the dun forest,
The fleeces of our flocks are covered with
Thy sacred dew ; protect them with thine influence !—*William Blake.*

CCLVI.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.
By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.
Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven ;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.
But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow ;

LYRICAL VERSE

And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canop

The combat deepens. On, ye Bre
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners w
And charge with all thy chivalr

Few, few shall part, where many
The snow shall be their winding-sh
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

T. C.

CCLVII.

SONG FROM "THE DUENNA"

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you ;
For though your tongue no promise
Your charms would make me true
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong ;
But friends in all the aged you'll meet
And lovers in the young.

For when they learn that you have
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part ;

GEORGE III

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

CCLVIII.

THE PRINCE OF LOVE.

How sweet I roamed from field to field,
And tasted all the summer's pride ;
Till I the Prince of Love beheld,
Who in the sunny beams did glide.

He showed me lilies for my hair,
And blushing roses for my brow ;
He led me through his gardens fair, '
Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May-dews my wings were wet,
And Phœbus fired my vocal rage ;
He caught me in his silken net,
And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,
Then, laughing, sports and plays with
me ;
Then stretches out my golden wing,
And mocks my loss of liberty.

William Blake.

CCLIX.

FREEDOM AND LOVE.

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,

LYRICAL VERSE

Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout !
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little Flower !—I'll make a stir,
Like a great astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself ;
Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know ;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the Thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless Prodigal ;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood !
Travel with the multitude :
Never heed them ; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers ;
But the thrifty Cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home ;
Spring is coming, Thou art come !

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming Spirit !
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face

GEORGE III

On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.
Ill befall the yellow Flowers,
Children of the flaring hours !
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no ;
Others, too, of lofty mien ;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine !
Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth ;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love !

W. Wordsworth.

CCLXXII.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.
He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
And vowed for my love he was diein' ;
I said he might die when he liket for Jean :
The Lord forgie me for liein', for liein',
The Lord forgie me for liein'.

LYRICAL VERSE

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers :
I never loot on that I kenned it, or cared ;
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her !
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad, I could bear her, could
bear her !
Guess ye how, the jad, I could bear her !

But a' the neist week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And who but my fine fickle lover was there !
I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock.

Bat ower my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neibors might say I was saucy ;
My wooer he capered as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet—
But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin', a
swearin' !
But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin'.

He begged, for Gudesake ! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

Robert Burns.

GEORGE III

CCLXXIII.

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YE,
MY LAD.

O WHISTLE, and I'll come to ye, my lad ;
O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad :
Tho' father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee ;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
O whistle, etc.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho' that ye cared na a flie ;
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
O whistle, etc.

Ay vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
But court nae anither, tho' jokin ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
O whistle, etc.—*Robert Burns.*

CCLXXIV.

A WEARY LOT IS THINE.

“ A WEARY lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine !

LYRICAL VERSE

To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me ye knew,
My Love !
No more of me ye knew.

“The morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain ;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again.”
He turn'd his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore,
He gave the bridle-rein a shake,
Said “Adieu for evermore
My Love !
Adieu for evermore.”—*Sir Walter Scott.*



CCLXXV.

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET.

WHERE art thou, my beloved Son,
Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?
Oh find me, prosperous or undone !
Or if the grave be now thy bed,
Why am I ignorant of the same
That I may rest ; and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

Seven years, alas ! to have received
No tidings of an only child ;
To have despair'd, have hoped, believed,
And been for evermore beguiled,

REFLECTION

Sometimes with thoughts as very nice
I catch a flash, and then I muse :
Was ever ignorance like a fine ?

He was wronging the prince it worth
At night, sometimes it becometh :
Well born, well bred : I saw him forth
Ingenious, innocent, and bold :
If things could first wanted grace,
As hath been said, they were not base :
And never honest was in my face.

Ah ! little dost the young one dream,
When full of play and childish games,
What power is in his wildest scream,
Heard by his mother unawares !
He knows it not, he cannot guess ;
Years to a mother bring distress ;
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me ! no, I suffered long
From that ill thought ; and, being blind,
Said "Pride shall help me in my wrong :
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed : " and that is true ;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour and of gain,
Oh ! do not dread thy mother's door ;
Think not of me with grief and pain :
I now can see with better eyes ;
And worldly grandeur I despise,
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas ! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight ;

LYRICAL VERSE

They mount—how short a voyage brings
The wanderers back to their delight !
Chains tie us down by land and sea ;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men ;
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den ;
Or hast been summon'd to the deep,
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts ; but none will force
Their way to me ; 'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead ;
For, surely, then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds ;
I dread the rustling of the grass ;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass ;
I question things and do not find
One that will answer to my mind ;
And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief :
If any chance to heave a sigh,
They pity me, and not my grief.
Then come to me, my Son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end ;
I have no other earthly friend !

W. Wordsworth.

GEORGE III.

SONNET.

LAMENT FOR COLLARDEN.

(Written in Scotland in the Spring of 1793.)

Mus.

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
For e'en and morn she cries, Ains !
And ay the same tear blin's her e'e :
Dreemossie moor—Dreemossie day—
A wae-fu' day it was to me :
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see :
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e !
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

Robert Burns.

CCLXXVII.

A SLUMBER DID MY SPIRIT SEAL.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal ;
I had no human fears ;
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;
She neither hears nor sees ;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees !

W. Wordsworth.

LYRICAL VERSE

CCLXXVIII.

TO THE MUSES.

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased ;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth ;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove ;
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry ;

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you !
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few.

William Blake.



CCLXXIX.

A FAREWELL.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie :
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

GEORGE III

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready ;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody ;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

Robert Burns.

CCLXXX.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy Man of Men !
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Illowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ;—

O miserable Chieftain ! where and when
Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not ; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow :
Though fallen Thyself, never to rise again,

Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth, and
skies ;

There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ;

Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and Man's unconquerable mind.

W. Wordsworth.

LYRICAL VERSE

CCLXXXI.

THE TIGER.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night !
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?
In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt that fire within thine eyes ?
On what wings dare he aspire ?
What the hand dare seize the fire ?
And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand ? and what dread feet ?
What the hammer ? What the chain ?
In what furnace was thy brain ?
What the anvil ? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see ?
Did He who made the lamb, make thee ?
Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night !
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

William Blake.

CCLXXXII.

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn ?
Where may the grave of that good man be ?—

GEORGE III

By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree !
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone, and the birch in its stead is grown.
The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust ;—
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.



CCLXXXIII.

CUNNINGHAM'S SEA SONG.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high.
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free,—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
But hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;

LYRICAL VERSE

The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.—*A. Cunningham.*

CCLXXXIV.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

GREEN grow the rashes, O ;
Green grow the rashes, O ;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O !
There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.
The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O ;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
But gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O ;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !
For you sae douce, ye sneer at this.
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O ;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Robert Burns.

GEORGE III

CCLXXXV.

A PERFECT WOMAN.

SHE was a Phantom of delight:
When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death :
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

W. Wordsworth.

LYRICAL VERSE

CCLXXXVI.

DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't :
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd ;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig ;
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleert and blin',
Spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn !

Time and chance are but a tide,
Slighted love is sair to bide ;
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee ?
She may gae to—France for me !

How it comes let doctors tell,
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal ;
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings ;
And O, her een, they spak sic things !

Duncan was a lad o' grace ;
Maggie's was a piteous case ;
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;
Now they're crouse and canty baith :
Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

Robert Burns.

GEORGE III

CCLXXXVII.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

THE World is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !

The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;

It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

W. Wordsworth.

CCLXXXVIII.

JOHN ANDERSON.

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquaint
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither—

But this I know, when thou art dead,
 Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
 No dust so vainness shall be
 As all that thou remains of me.
 O winner, whither dost thou fly,
 Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
 And in this strange divorce
 Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?
 To the vast ocean of ethereal flame
 From whence thy essence came,
 Dost thou thy flight pursue when freed
 From matter's base encumbering weed?
 Or dost thou, hid from sight,
 Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
 Through blank oblivious years the appointed
 hour
 To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
 Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?
 O say what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?
 Life! we've been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time;
 Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
 Bid me Good-morning.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

CCXCI.

THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,

LYRICAL VERSE

Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.—*Robert Burns.*

CCLXXXIX.

A RED, RED ROSE.

O MY Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June :
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I :
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry :

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only Luve !
And fare thee weel a-while !
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns.

CCXC.

LIFE.

LIFE ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.

GEORGE III

But this I know, when thou art fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be
As all that then remains of me.
O whither, whither dost thou fly,
Where bend unseen thy trackless course,
And in this strange divorce,
Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?
To the vast ocean of empyreal flame
From whence thy essence came,
Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed
From matter's base encumbering weed?
Or dost thou, hid from sight,
Wait, like some spell-bound knight,
Through blank oblivious years the appointed
hour
To break thy trance and reassume thy power?
Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?
O say what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?
Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning.

Anna Latitia Barbauld.

CCXCI.

THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,

LYRICAL VERSE

With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of Spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequester'd nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat,
And flowers and birds once more to greet,
My last year's friends together !

One have I mark'd, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest :
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion !
Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May ;
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment ;
A life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair ;
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perch'd in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover ;
There ! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—
A brother of the dancing leaves ;
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes ;

GEORGE III

As if by that exulting strain
He mock'd and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
While fluttering in the bushes.

W. Wordsworth.



CCXCII.

BONNIE LESLIE.

O SAW ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border ?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever ;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither !

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee ;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley ;
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee ;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say " I canna wrang thee ! "

The Powers aboon will tent thee ;
Misfortune sha' na steer thee ;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie !

LYRICAL VERSE

That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

Robert Burns.

CCXCIII.

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company !
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought ;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

W. Wordsworth.

GEORGE III

CCXCIV.

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

SEPT. 3, 1802.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This City now doth, like a garment, wear

The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :

Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !
W. Wordsworth.



CCXCV.

THE BANKS OF DOON.

YE flowery banks o' bonnie Doon
How can ye bloom sae fair !
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care !

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough ;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause Luvie was true.

LYRICAL VERSE

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate ;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love :
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree ;
And my fause luvver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.—*Robert Burns.*

CCXCVI.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

GEORGE III

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—
I listen'd, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

W. Wordsworth.

CCXCVII.

TO MILTON.

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : she is a fen
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men :
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the
sea,

LYRICAL VERSE

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ;
So didst thou travel on life's common way

In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay,

W. Wordsworth.

CCXCVIII.

KUBLA KHAN.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea,
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil
seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.

GEORGE III

Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean ;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

 The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves ;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
 A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw ;
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she play'd,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

S. T. Coleridge.

LYRICAL VERSE

CCXCIX.

YARROW UNVISITED.

1803.

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravell'd,
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travell'd ;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "winsome Marrow,"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,
Each maiden to her dwelling !
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow,
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us ;
And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus ;
There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land
Made blythe with plough and harrow :
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow ?
"What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under ?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
—Strange words they seem'd of slight and
scorn ;
My true-love sigh'd for sorrow,

GEORGE III

And look'd me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow !

" Oh ! green," said I, " are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing !
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path and open strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough ;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

" Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow !
We will not see them ; will not go
To-day, nor yet to-morrow ;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

" Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !
It must, or we shall rue it :
We have a vision of our own ;
Ah ! why should we undo it ?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow !
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow !

" If Care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy ;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow ! "

W. Wordsworth.

LYRICAL VERSE

CCC.

YARROW VISITED.

September 1814.

AND is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream
Of which my fancy cherish'd
So faithfully, a waking dream,
An image that hath perish'd?
Oh that some minstrel's harp were near
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontroll'd meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding;
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice,—
And gave his doleful warning.

GEORGE III

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers :
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love ;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow !

But thou that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation :
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy :
The grace of forest charms decay'd,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature ;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary,
The shatter'd front of Newark's Towers,
Renown'd in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in ;
For manhood to enjoy his strength ;
And age to wear away in !
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,

LYRICAL VERSE

And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather !
And what if I enwreathed my own !
'Twere no offence to reason :
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;
A ray of Fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee !
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure ;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish ;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought ! which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow !
Will dwell with me, to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

W. Wordsworth.

CCCL.

JEAN.

OF a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the West,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

GEORGE III

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair :
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw, ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees ;
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
Bring hame the laden bees ;
And bring the lassie back to me
That's ay sae neat and clean ;
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
Hae pass'd atween us twa !
How fond to meet, how wae to part
That night she gaed awa !
The Powers aboon can only ken
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean !

Robert Burns.

CCCII.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

LYRICAL VERSE

I loved a Love once, fairest among women :
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man :
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my child-
hood,
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have
left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.—*C. Lamb.*

CCCH.

CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font reappearing,
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !
The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.

GEORGE III

The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are scarest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber !
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever !

Sir Walter Scott.



CCCIV.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

“ WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie ?
Why weep ye by the tide ?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride :
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen ”—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

“ Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale ;
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langley-dale ;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen ”—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

LYRICAL VERSE

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;
And you, the foremost o' them a'
Shall ride our forest-queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair ;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there :
They sought her baith by bower and ha' ;
The ladie was not seen !
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

CCCV.

NATURE'S CHILD.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown :
This Child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse : and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn

GEORGE III

Or up the mountain springs ;
And her's shall be the breathing balm,
And her's the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Ev'n in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.—*W. Wordsworth.*

CCCVI.

LONDON, MDCCCI.

O FRIEND ! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest

LYRICAL VERSE

To think that now our life is only drest
For show ; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,
Or groom !—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest ;
The wealthiest man among us is the best :
No grandeur now in Nature or in book
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry ; and these we adore :
Plain living and high thinking are no more :
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

W. Wordsworth.

CCCVII.

THE OUTLAW.

O BRIGNAL banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton-Hall
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle-wall
Was singing merrily :
“ O Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.”
“ If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.

GEORGE III

And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as Queen of May."
Yet sung she, "Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

"I read you, by your bugle-horn
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood."
"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light ;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."
Yet sung she, "Brignal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay ;
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May !

"With burnish'd brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon
That lists the tuck of drum."
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear ;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.
And O ! though Brignal banks be fair
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May !

"Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die ;

LYRICAL VERSE

The fiend whose lantern lights the mead,
 Were better mate than I !
And when I'm with my comrades met
 Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
 Nor think what we are now."

Chorus.

Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
 And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
 Would grace a summer queen.

Sir Walter Scott.

CCCVIII.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
 And lovers' ears in hearing ;
And love, in life's extremity,
 Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower
 And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
 To watch her Love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
 Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
 You saw the taper shining.
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
 Across her cheek was flying ;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
 Her maidens thought her dying.

GEORGE III

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seem'd in her frame residing ;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear
She heard her lover's riding ;
Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd
She knew, and waved to greet him,
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing ;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing.
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

Sir Walter Scott.

CCCIX.

LAMENT FOR FLODDEN.

I'VE heard them lilting, at the ewe-milking,
Lasses a' lilting, before dawn o' day ;
But now they are moaning, on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede awae.
At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are
scorning ;
Lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae ;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing ;
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her awae.
In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are
jeering ;
Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, or gray ;
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede awae.

LYRICAL VERSE

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae youngers are
 roaming

'Bout stacks, wi' the lasses at bogle to play ;
But ilk maid sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are weded awae.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the
 Border !

The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the
 foremost,

 The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewe-milking ;

 Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;

Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—

 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede awae.

Jean Elliott.

CCCX.

ODE TO DUTY.

STEEN Daughter of the voice of God !

O Duty ! if that name thou love

Who art a light to guide, a rod

To check the erring, and reprove ;

Thou, who art victory and law

When empty terrors overawe ;

From vain temptations dost set free,

And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye

Be on them ; who, in love and truth

Where no misgiving is, rely

Upon the genial sense of youth :

GEORGE III

Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not :
Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around
 them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if
 I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control,
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance-desires :
My hopes no more must change their name ;
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :

LYRICAL VERSE

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient Heavens, through thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live.
W. Wordsworth.

CCCXI.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE LOVER.

WHERE shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever ?
Where, through groves deep and high
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow.

*Elcu loro
Soft shall be his pillow.*

There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving :
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving ;
There, thy rest shalt thou take
Parted for ever,

GEORGE III

Never again to wake,

Never, O never !

Eleu loro

Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,

He, the deceiver,

Who could win maiden's breast,

Ruin, and leave her ?

In the lost battle,

Borne down by the flying,

Where mingles war's rattle

With groans of the dying ;

Eleu loro

There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap

O'er the false-hearted ;

His warm blood the wolf shall lap,

Ere life be parted.

Shame and dishonour sit

By his grave ever ;

Blessing shall hallow it

Never, O never !

Eleu loro

Never, O never !—Sir Walter Scott.

CCCXII.

LOGAN BRAES.

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,

Fu' aft, wi' glee, I've herded sheep,

I've herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,

Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.

But wae's my heart ! these days are gane,

And fu' o' grief I herd alane,

LYRICAL VERSE

While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair, at Logan kirk, will he,
Atween the preachings, meet wi' me—
Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing these days are gane—
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes !

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dander dowie and forlane,
Or sit beneath the trysting-tree,
Where first he spak of love to me.
O ! cou'd I see these days again,
My lover skaithless, and my ain ;
Rever'd by friends, and far frae faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

John Mayne.

CCCXIII.

THE DEATH OF LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove ;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye !
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me !—*W. Wordsworth.*

GEORGE III

CCCXIV.

A DIRGE.

DARK, deep, and cold the current flows
Unto the sea where no wind blows,
Seeking the land which no one knows.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes
The mingled wail of friends and foes,
Borne to the land which no one knows.

Why shrieks for help yon wretch, who goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Unto the land which no one knows ?

Though myriads go with him who goes,
Alone he goes where no wind blows,
Unto the land which no one knows.

For all must go where no wind blows,
And none can go for him who goes ;
None, none return whence no one knows.

Yet why should he who shrieking goes
With millions, from a world of woes,
Reunion seek with it or those ?

Alone with God, where no wind blows !
And Death, his shadow—doomed, he goes :
That God is there the shadow shows.

Oh, Shoreless Deep, where no wind blows !
And thou, oh Land, which no one knows !
That God is All, His shadow shows !

Ebenezer Elliott.

LYRICAL VERSE

CCCXV.

ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and
stream,

The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem

Apparell'd in celestial light,

The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—

Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no
more !

The rainbow comes and goes,

And lovely is the rose ;

The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens are bare ;

Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair ;

The sunshine is a glorious birth ;

But yet I know, where'er I go,

That there hath pass'd away a glory from the
earth.

Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,

And while the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of grief :

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong.

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,—

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong :

GEORGE III

I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay ;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday;—
 Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
 happy Shepherd boy !

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
 —But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have look'd upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,

LYRICAL VERSE

Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy ;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind
And no unworthy aim,

The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral ;

GEORGE III

And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part :
Filling from time to time his " humorous stage "
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.
Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity ;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—
Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by ;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !
O joy ! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,

LYRICAL VERSE

That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction : not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
breast :—

—Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise ;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,
To perish never ;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
Hence, in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither ;
Can in a moment travel thither

GEORGE III

And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !

We, in thought, will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so
bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind ;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be ;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering ;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves !

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
I only have relinquish'd one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they ;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet ;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;

LYRICAL VERSE

Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

W. Wordsworth.

CCCXVI.

HIGHLAND MARY.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder ;
But, oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

GEORGE III

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
And closed for ay, the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly !
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Robert Burns.

CCCXVII.

GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK.

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil,
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky ;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar ;

LYRICAL VERSE

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadwords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward, each man, set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

Sir Walter Scott.

CCCXVIII.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

Chorus.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

GEORGE III

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine ;
And we'll tak' a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From morning sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine ;
And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.—*Robert Burns.*



CCCXIX.

MARY MORISON.

O MARY, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor :
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',

LYRICAL VERSE

To thee my fancy took its wing,—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw :
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee ?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee ?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown ;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

Robert Burns.

CCCXX.

ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND.

1802.

Two Voices are there ; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains ; each a mighty voice :
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !

There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him,—but hast vainly
striven :
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

—Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft ;
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—
For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,

GEORGE III

And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee !
W. Wordsworth.

CCCXXI.

A SERENADE.

AH ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who trill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh ;
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear ;
To Beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky,
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy ?
Sir Walter Scott.

CCCXXII.

ENGLAND.

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea ;
Nor, England ! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

LYRICAL VERSE

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time ; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire ;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played ;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eye surveyed.

W. Wordsworth.

CCCXXIII.

MY SILKS AND FINE ARRAY.

My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away ;
And mournful lean Despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave :
Such end true lovers have !

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold ;
Oh, why to him was't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold ?
His breast is Love's all-worshipped tomb
Where all Love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet ;
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat :

GEORGE III

Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay :
True love doth pass away !

William Blake.

CCCXXIV, YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
 When I was young !
When I was young ?—Ah, woful When !
Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then !
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly *then* it flash'd along :—
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide !
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like ;
Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
O ! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
 Ere I was old !
Ere I was old ? Ah, woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here !
O Youth ! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—

LYRICAL VERSE

It cannot be, that Thou art gone !
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd :—
And thou wert aye a masker bold !
What strange disguise hast now put on
To make believe that Thou art gone ?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size :
But Springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
Life is but Thought : so think I will
That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve !
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve :

When we are old :

—That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismiss'd,
Yet hath out-stay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

S. T. Coleridge.

CCCXXV.

LOVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruined tower.

GEORGE III

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She leant against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight ;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

LYRICAL VERSE

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight !

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land ;

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—

And ever strove to expiate

The scorn that crazed his brain ;—

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay ;—

—His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve ;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;



GEORGE III

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped,
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept,

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

S. T. Coleridge.

CCCXXVI.

HESTER.

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try
With vain endeavour ;

LYRICAL VERSE

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led,
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit :
I know not by what name beside
I shall it call ; if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.
A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind ;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour ! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning—
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?—*C. Lamb.*



GEORGE III

CCCXXVII.

MEDITATION.

MOST sweet it is with un-uplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path there be or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon ;

Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

—If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse :
With Thought and Love companions of our way—

Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,—
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

W. Wordsworth.



George 3^d.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

CCCXXVIII.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe Spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever
singing.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,

LYRICAL VERSE

As, when night is late,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is
overflowed.

What then art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a post hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a light-born maiden
In a palmy tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her
bower:

Like a rose among green leaves,
Or a lily in a field,
Or a violet hidden deep
In the grass, or a dew-drop
On the grass, or a sweet flower
In the field, or a bird in the
nest, or a bee in the hive,

Like a bird in a cage,
Or a fish in a pond,
Or a flower in a field,
Or a bird in a nest,
Or a bee in a hive,
Or a dew-drop on the grass,
Or a sweet flower in the field,

Such a word showers
Of the twinkling grass.

GEORGE IV

Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance
of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :

LYRICAL VERSE

Our sweetest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening
now !—*P. B. Shelley.*

LXXXIX.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Not in more beautiful realms of gold,
Nor more goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Nor more sweeten'd islands have I been
So near parts so truly to Apollo held.

Oh, had I been told the wide expanse
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;
Yet had I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold ;

GEORGE IV

—Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken :
Or like stout Cortez—when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.—*J. Keats.*



CCCXXX.

PAST AND PRESENT.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,

LYRICAL VERSE

And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.—*T. Hood.*

CCCXXXI.

LIFE'S MOCKERIES.

THE flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow dies ;
All that we wish to stay
Tempt, and then flies ;
What is this world's delight ?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is !
Friendship too rare !
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair !
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all,
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day ;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou,—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.—*P. B. Shelley.*

GEORGE IV

CCCXXXII.

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT OF ACHILLES,

BEAUTIFUL shadow
Of Thetis's boy !
Who sleeps in the meadow
Where grass grows o'er Troy,
From the red earth, like Adam,
Thy likeness I shape
As the being who made him,
Whose actions I ape.
Thou clay, be all glowing,
Till the rose in his cheek
Be as fair as, when blowing,
It wears its first streak !
Ye violets, I scatter,
Now turn into eyes !
And thou, sunshiny water
Of blood take the guise !
Let these hyacinth boughs
Be his long flowing hair,
And wave o'er his brows
As thou wavest in air !
Let his heart be this marble
I tear from the rock !
But his voice as the warble
Of birds on yon oak !
Let his flesh be the purest
Of mould, in which grew
The lily root surest,
And drank the best dew !
Let his limbs be the lightest
Which clay can compound,
And his aspect the brightest
On earth to be found !

LYRICAL VERSE

Elements, near me,
Be mingled and stirr'd,
Know me, and hear me,
And leap to my word !
Sunbeams, awaken
This earth's animation !
'Tis done ! He hath taken
His stand in creation !—*Lord Byron.*

CCCXXXIII.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

OFt, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me :
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather ;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,

GEORGE IV

Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.—*T. Moore.*

CCCXXXIV.

TO THE POETS THAT HAVE PASSED,

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new ?

—Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon ;
With the noise of fountains wond'rous
And the parle of voices thund'rous ;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns ;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not ;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancèd thing,
But divine melodious truth ;
Philosophic numbers smooth ;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again ;

LYRICAL VERSE

And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week ;
Of their sorrows and delights ;
Of their passions and their spites ;
Of their glory and their shame ;
What doth strengthen and what maim ;—
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new !—*J. Keats.*

CCCXXXV.

BENDEMEER'S STREAM.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day
long ;

In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet
dream,

To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music I never forget,

But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet ?

Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer ?

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the
wave,

But some blossoms were gathered while freshly
they shone,

GEORGE IV

And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that
gave

All the fragrance of summer, when summer was
gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, e'er it dies,

An essence that breathes of it many a year ;

Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,

Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bende-
meer !—*T. Moore.*

CCCXXXVI.

THE PARTING.

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss ;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this !

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow ;
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame :
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear ;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear ?
They know not I knew thee
Who knew thee too well :

LYRICAL VERSE

Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met :
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee ?—
With silence and tears.—*Lord Byron.*

CCCXXXVII.

ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED.

ONE word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdained
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And Pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love ;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not :
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow ?
P. B. Shelley.

GEORGE IV

CCCXXXVIII.

THE HELLESPONT.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water,
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh ! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warned him home ;
And clouds aloft and tides below,
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear ;
His eye but saw the star of love,
The only star it hailed above ;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
" Ye waves, divide not lovers long !"
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
Rolls darkly heaving to the main ;
And Night's descending shadows hide
That field with blood bedewed in vain,
The desert of old Priam's pride ;
The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
All—save immortal dreams that could beguile
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle !
Oh ! yet—for there my steps have been ;
These feet have pressed the sacred shore,
These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
Minstrel ! with thee to muse, to mourn,
To trace again those fields of yore,

LYRICAL VERSE

Believing every hillock green
Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
And that around the undoubted scene
Thine own "broad Hellespont" still dashes,
Be long my lot, and cold were he
Who there could gaze, denying thee !

Lord Byron.

CCCXXXIX.

THE FUGITIVES.

THE waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar spray is dancing—

Away !

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster bells ringing—

Come away !

The earth is like Ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion :
Bird, beast, man, and worm,
Have crept out of the storm—
Come away !

"Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale ;—
A bold pilot, I trow,
Who should follow us now,"—
Shouted He.—
And She cried : "Ply the oar,
Put off gaily from shore !"

GEORGE IV

As she spoke, bolts of death,
Mixed with hail, specked their path
 O'er the sea.
And from isle, tower, and rock,
The blue beacon cloud broke,
Though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flashed fast
 From the lee.

“ And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou ?
And see'st thou, and hear'st thou ?
And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
 I and thou ? ”
One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover—
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
 Soft and low ;
While around the lashed Ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered, and shifted,
 To and fro.

In the court of the fortress,
Beside the pale portress,
Like a bloodhound well beaten,
The bridegroom stands, eaten
 By shame :
On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the grey tyrant father,
To his voice the mad weather
 Seems tame ;

LYRICAL VERSE

And with curses as wild
As ere clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest, and last,
Of his name !—*P. B. Shelley.*

CCCXL.

TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
run ;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease ;
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen Thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozeings, hours by hours.
Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are
they ?

Think not of them,—thou hast thy music too,

GEORGE IV

While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river-sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

J. Keats.

CCCXLI.

ELEGY ON THYRZA.

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth ;
And forms so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to Earth !
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot ;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow
So I behold them not :
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved and long must love,
Like common earth can rot ;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,

LYRICAL VERSE

Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow :
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours ;
The worst can be but mine :
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep ;
Nor need I to repine,
That all those charms have pass'd away
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey ;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away.

And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day ;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade ;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade :
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last,
Extinguish'd, not decay'd ;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

GEORGE IV

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed
To think I was not near, to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed :
To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head ;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.
Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee !
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

Lord Byron.

CCCXLII.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.
One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

LYRICAL VERSE

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
That tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

Lord Byron.

CCCXLIII.

THE TRUER BEAUTY.

SHE is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be ;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.
Oh ! then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye :
Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are.

H. Coleridge.

CCCXLIV.

THE PATRIOT.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh ! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd ?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
For, Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

GEORGE IV

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;
Every thought of my reason was thine :
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine !
Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see ;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.—*T. Moore.*

CCCXLV.

ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind !
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of Thee alone can bind ;

And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

Lord Byron.

CCCXLVI.

ECHOES.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To Music at night,

LYRICAL VERSE

When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light !

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh,—in youth sincere,
And only then,
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear—
Is by that one, that only Dear,
Breathed back again !—*T. Moore.*

CCCXLVII.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the year ;
There are four seasons in the mind of man :
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span :

He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he
loves

To ruminate, and by such dreaming high
Is nearest unto heaven : quiet coves

His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furleth close ; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.

He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

J. Keats.

GEORGE IV

CCCXLVIII.

WE'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING.

So we'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright !

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a roving
By the light of the moon !—*Lord Byron.*



CCCXLIX.

TO THE NIGHT.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night !
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought !
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought !

LYRICAL VERSE

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sigh'd for thee ;
When light rode high, and the dew was
gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me ?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side ?
Wouldst thou me ?— And I replied,
No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon !

P. B. Shelley.

CCCL.

THE CHORUS FROM "HELLAS."

THE world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth does like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn :
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

GEORGE IV

Lighter Hellas rears its mountains
In waves serener far ;
New Peneus rolls its fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempés bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

Loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Brought with a later prize ;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

O write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be !
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free :
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime ;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take, or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued :
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears, and symbol flowers.

O, cease ! Must hate and death return ?
Cease ! Must men kill and die ?

LYRICAL VERSE

Cease ! Drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.

The world is weary of the past ;
O, might it die or rest at last !

P. B. Shelley.

CCCLI.

THE MERMAID TAVERN.

SOULS of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine ?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison ? O generous food !
Drest as though bold Robin Hood

**Would, with his Maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.**

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new-old sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?

J. Keats.

GEORGE IV

CCCLII.

OZYMANDIAS.

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear :
" My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair ! "
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

P. B. Shelley.

CCCLIII.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more Unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements ;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;

LYRICAL VERSE

Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her—
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful ;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammyly.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity

GEORGE IV

Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river :
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man !

LYRICAL VERSE

Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them,
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.

—Cross her hands humbly
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour.—*T. Hood.*

GEORGE IV

CCCLIV.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' " Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations ;—all were his !
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
My country ? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more !
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine ?

LYRICAL VERSE

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame ;
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
For what is left the poet here ?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear !

Must we but weep o'er days more blest ?
Must we but blush ?—our fathers bled.
Earth ! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead !
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?
Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, " Let one living head,
But one, arise,—we come, we come ! "
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain ; strike other chords ;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one ?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
We will not think of themes like these !
It made Anacreon's song divine :
He served—but served Polycrates—

GEORGE IV

A tyrant ; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !

Oh ! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—

They have a king who buys and sells :
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells ;
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;

There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

Lord Byron.

LYRICAL VERSE

CCCLV.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and
dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

GEORGE IV

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes
blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath ;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy !
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;

LYRICAL VERSE

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown :
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! The very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fated to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades :
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep?
J. Keats.

CCCLVI.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion ;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another ;
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GEORGE IV

...aster-flower would be forgiven
...disdained its brother :
...and the sunlight clasps the earth,
...and the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?—*P. B. Shelley.*

CCCLVII.

THE COUNTRY.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

Who is more happy, when, with heart's content
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?

Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,

He mourns that day so soon has glided by :
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

J. Keats.

CCCLVIII.

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

LYRICAL VERSE

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers,
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied ;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.—*T. Hood.*



CCCLIX.

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE.

WHEN the lamp is shatter'd,
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remember'd not ;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute :—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

mingled,
il-built nest ;
d
ce possest.
lest
ings here,
ne frailest
your home, and your bier?

i rock thee
rock the ravens on high ;
will mock thee,
from a wintry sky.
est every rafter
nd thine eagle home
e naked to laughter,
aves fall and cold winds come.
P. B. Shelley.

CCCLX.

BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

"I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever-dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too."

LYRICAL VERSE

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a fairy's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

"I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

"I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy's song.

"She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna-dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
'I love thee true.'

"She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

"And there she lull'd me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.

"I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—'La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gap'd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

GEORGE IV

“And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake
And no birds sing.”—*J. Keats.*

CCCLXI.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
And we steadfastly gazed on the face that was
dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—

LYRICAL VERSE

But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring :
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

C. Wolfe.

CCCLXII.

THOUGHTS ON THE COMING OF DEATH.

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charact'ry
Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain ;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance ;

And when I feel, fair Creature of an hour !
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faëry power
Of unreflecting love—then on the shore

Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

J. Keats.

GEORGE IV

CCCLXIII.

TO —.

WHEN passion's trance is overpast,
If tenderness and truth could last,
Or live, while all wild feelings keep
Some mortal slumber, dark and deep,
I should not weep, I should not weep !

It were enough to feel, to see
Thy soft eyes gazing tenderly,
And dream the rest—and burn and be
The secret food of fires unseen,
Couldst thou but be as thou hast been !

After the slumber of the year
The woodland violets reappear ;
All things revive in field or grove,
And sky and sea ; but two, which move,
And form all others, life and love.

P. B. Shelley.

CCCLXIV.

TO A LOFTY BEAUTY FROM HER
POOR KINSMAN.

FAIR maid, had I not heard thy baby cries,
Nor seen thy girlish sweet vicissitude,
Thy mazy motions, striving to elude,
Yet wooing still a parent's watchful eyes,
Thy humours, many as the opal's dyes,
And lovely all ;—methinks thy scornful mood,
And bearing high of stately womanhood,—
Thy brow, where Beauty sits to tyrannize
O'er humble love, had made me sadly fear thee ;
For never sure was seen a royal bride,

LYRICAL VERSE

Whose gentleness gave grace to so much pride—
My very thoughts would tremble to be near thee :

But when I see thee at thy father's side,
Old times unqueen thee, and old loves endear
thee.—*H. Coleridge.*



CCCLXV.

THE INSENSIBILITY OF MATERIAL THINGS.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity :
The north cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look ;
But with a sweet forgetting
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy !
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passèd joy ?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it
Nor numbèd sense to steal it—
Was never said in rhyme.—*J. Keats.*

GEORGE IV

CCCLXVI.

TO A LADY WITH A GUITAR.

ARIEL to Miranda :—Take
This slave of music, for the sake
Of him, who is the slave of thee ;
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again
And, too intense, is turn'd to pain.
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken ;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
From life to life must still pursue
Your happiness, for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own ;
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon
In her interlunar swoon
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel ;—
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen Star of birth
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity :—
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun

LYRICAL VERSE

Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has track'd your steps and served your
will.

Now in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remember'd not ;
And now, alas ! the poor Sprite is
Imprison'd for some fault of his
In a body like a grave—
From you he only dares to crave
For his service and his sorrow
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.
The artist who this viol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought
Fell'd a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rock'd in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine ;
And dreaming, some of autumn past,
And some of spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love ; and so this tree,—
Oh that such our death may be !—
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again :
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar ;
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skilfully
In language gentle as thine own ;
Whispering in enamour'd tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells ;
—For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,

GEORGE IV

And the many-voicèd fountains ;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening ; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way :
—All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The Spirit that inhabits it ;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions ; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest holiest tone
For our beloved Friend alone.

P. B. Shelley.

CCCLXVII.

A WISH.

HT Star! would I were steadfast as thou
art—
in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
watching, with eternal lids apart,
Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
moving waters at their priestlike task
pure ablution round earth's human shores,

LYRICAL VERSE

Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors :—

No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair Love's ripening breast
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest ;

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever,—or else swoon to death.

J. Keats.

CCCLXVIII.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might :
The breath of the moist earth is light
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods'—
The city's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :
I sit upon the sands alone ;
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion—
How sweet ! did any heart now share in my
emotion.

GEORGE IV

Alas ! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure ;
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure ;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild
Even as the winds and waters are ;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,—
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan.
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not, and yet regret ;
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

P. B. Shelley.

CCCLXIX.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,



GEORGE IV

of this folk, this pious morn?
own, thy streets for evermore
be ; and not a soul to tell
thou art desolate, can e'er return.
ape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
ble men and maidens overwrought,
rest branches and the trodden weed ;
silent form, dost tease us out of thought
h eternity : Cold Pastoral !
en old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

J. Keats.

CCCLXX.

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their Mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under ;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
When I sleep in the arms of the Blast.

LYRICAL VERSE

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits ;
In a cavern under is fettered the Thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the Genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream under mountain or stream
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead :
As on the jag of a mountain-crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And, when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
beneath,
Its ardour of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the Moon
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet
Which only the angels hear,

GEORGE IV

May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The Stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,—
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the Stars reel and swim,
When the Whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof ;
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ;
The Sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky :
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,—
And out of the caverns of rain

LYRICAL VERSE

Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,

I arise, and unbuild it again. —*P. B. Shelley.*

CCCLXXI.

HYMN TO THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

LIFE of Life ! thy lips enkindle

With their love the breath between them ;
And thy smiles, before they dwindle,

Make the cold air fire ; then screen them
In those locks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light ! thy limbs are burning

Through the veil which seems to hide them,
As the radiant lines of morning

Through the clouds, ere they divide them ;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others : none beholds thee ;

But thy voice sounds low and tender,

Like the fairest, for it folds thee

From the sight, that liquid splendour ;
And all feel, yet see thee never,—
As I feel now, lost for ever !

Lamp of Earth ! where'er thou movest

Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest

Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,

Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing !—*P. B. Shelley.*

William IV,



CCCLXXII.
THE VICAR.

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy
The man who lost his way, between
St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath ;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle ;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say—
“ Our master knows you—you're expected.”

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow ;
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow ;
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in Court or College,
He had not gained an honest friend
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—

LYRICAL VERSE

Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.
His talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses :
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses ;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.
He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror ;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep ;
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow ;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.
His sermon never said or showed
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road,
From Jerome, or from Athanasius :
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned
them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.
He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble Lords—and nurses ;
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
And trifles for the *Morning Post*,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

WILLIAM IV

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking ;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking ;
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage :
At his approach complaint grew mild ;
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus ;
From him I learned the rule of three,
Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and *Que genus* :
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig,
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change ! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled :
The church is larger than before ;
You reach it by a carriage entry ;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat : you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,

LYRICAL VERSE

Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
“*Hic jacet Gvlielmvs Brown,*
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru.”
Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

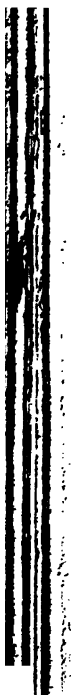
CCCLXXIII.

DIRGE FOR WOLFRAM.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on thine eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And there alone, amid the beaming
Of Love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.
Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

Victoria



CCCLXXIV

THE OLD STOIC.

RICHES I hold in light esteem,
And Love I laugh to scorn ;
And lust of fame was but a dream,
That vanished with the morn :

And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me
Is " Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty ! "

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore ;
In life and death, a chainless soul,
With courage to endure.—*Emily Brontë.*



CCCLXXV.

THE SHANDON BELLS.

WITH deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling around my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee ;

LYRICAL VERSE

With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a time in
Toiling cadence in
Cathedral shrine,
While as a glib rate
Heard tongues would venture—
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine :
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

And the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee,
I've heard bells chiming
Full many a time in
Toiling cadence in
Cathedral shrine,
While as a glib rate
Heard tongues would venture—
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine :
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

VICTORIA

The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on Tower and Kiosk o !
In Saint Sophia

The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there is an anthem

More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

Francis Mahony (Father Prout).



CCCLXXVI.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

OFTEN rebuked, yet always back returning
To those first feelings that were born with me,
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning
For idle dreams of things which cannot be :

To-day, I will seek not the shadowy region ;
Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear ;
And visions rising, legion after legion,
Bring the unreal world too strangely near.

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,
And not in paths of high morality,

LYRICAL VERSE

And not among the half-distinguished faces,
The clouded forms of long-past history.

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading :
It vexes me to choose another guide :
Where the grey flocks in ferny glens are feeding ;
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain-
side.—*Emily Brontë.*

CCCLXXVII.

LAST LINES.

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere :
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity !
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity ;
So surely anchored on
The stedfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

VICTORIA

Though earth and man were gone
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void :
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.
Emily Brontë.

CCCLXXVIII.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

THE groves of Blarney,
They look so charming,
Down by the purlings
Of sweet silent brooks,
All decked with posies
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order
In the rocky nooks.
'Tis there the daisy,
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink,
And the rose so fair;
Likewise the lily,
And the daffodilly—
All flowers that scent
The sweet open air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers
Owns this plantation ;
Like Alexander,
Or like Helen fair,

LYRICAL VERSE

There's no commander
In all the nation,
For regulation,
Can with her compare !
Such walls surround her
That no nine-pounder
Could ever plunder
Her place of strength ;
But Oliver Cromwell,
Her he did pommel,
And made a breach
In her battlement.

There is a cave where
No daylight enters,
But cats and badgers
Are for ever bred ;
And mossed by nature
Makes it completer
Than a coach-and-six,
Or a downy-bed.
'Tis there the lake is
Well stored with fishes,
And comely eels in
The verdant mud ;
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
Standing in order
To guard the flood.

There gravel walks are
For recreation,
And meditation
In sweet solitude.
'Tis there the lover
May hear the dove, or

VICTORIA


The gentle plover,
In the afternoon ;
And if a lady
Would be so engaging
As for to walk in
Those shady groves,
'Tis there the courtier
Might soon transport her
Into some fort, or
The "sweet rock-close."

There are statues gracing
This noble place in—
All heathen gods,
And nymphs so fair ;
Bold Neptune, Cæsar,
And Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked
In the open air !
There is a boat on
The lake to float on,
And lots of beauties
Which I can't entwine :
But were I a preacher,
Or a classic teacher,
In every feature
I'd make 'em shine !

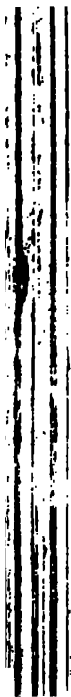
There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh ! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of parliament :

LYRICAL VERSE

A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out-and-outer,
"To be let alone,"
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him ;
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney stone !
Francis Mahony (Father Proud).



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ELIZABETH.

P. 34, No. xxxviii. "*Jack and Joan, they think no ill.*"

Many selections have been made from Campion, more perhaps than appear in any selection of lyric verse from the Elizabethan age. Thomas Campion was a famous musician, and, though it does not require that a man should be a good musician to make him a great lyrical poet—as witness Walter Scott, one of the greatest in that line who, yet, notoriously had no musical ear—it nevertheless cannot but be a help to a poet that he should be sensible of musical as well as of verbal rhythm. Campion's verse has been gathered together by the discriminating hand of Mr. A. H. Bullen, to whom I am largely indebted.

P. 54, No. lxi. "*My prime of youth is but a frost of cares.*"

Chidiok Tychborn was the lineal ancestor of Roger Tichborne, the personation of whom by an impostor was, as every one over five-and-twenty knows, the most important social lawsuit of this century. The late Lord Coleridge, counsel for the Tichborne family, dealing with the history of the real Roger Tichborne, who ended a life of much promise by death from shipwreck, quoted, in court, from his poet ancestor with extraordinary effect the touching lines beginning :

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares."

JAMES I.

P. 74, No. lxxxvii. "*Ah, Ben!
Say how or when.*"

The reign of James I. bears most of the blossom and fruit that grew from seed sown and tended in Elizabeth's time. Though, by the arrangement of this book, Shakespeare's lyric verse comes under the

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previous reign—indeed most of it was actually written in Elizabeth's time—James gets the reflected glory of verse by poets only one degree less great as song-writers than Shakespeare himself: of Ben Jonson, of Fletcher, of John Ford, of Beaumont, of "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease" in the manner of these masters of song, and who figure in this book mostly as "Anon.," and last, though not least, of Robert Herrick, the pupil of Ben Jonson. Herrick has left in this poem not only a splendid memorial of the poet he loved and followed, but evidence to all time of the estimation in which lyrical verse was held under the first James.

P. 76, No. lxxxix. "*Roses, their sharp spines being gone.*"

The Two Noble Kinsmen was long ascribed to Shakespeare, and it is difficult to believe that the greater master's hand is not visible in the compass and strength of this lyric. Great poets, though, can raise their contemporaries to great efforts; and it may after all not be Shakespeare who wrote—

"Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious of bird fair,
Be absent hence."

P. 77, No. xci. "*Weep with me, all you that read.*"

The reader need hardly be reminded that women's parts were, in Elizabethan and Jacobean times, played by boys so young in age that their ears could be summarily boxed as often as they were wayward and perverse, and to the very obvious prevalence of harmony behind the scenes. Perhaps, though, it is not wholly due to this circumstance that as soon as woman made her appearance on the stage the drama began to decline.

P. 78, No. xciii. "*Before I sigh my last gasp,
let me breathe.*"

The Will of John Donne is probably the wittiest and the bitterest lyric in our language. Donne's love passages and their record in verse were over before the author was of age. His wit then turned into metaphysical sermon-writing and theological polemics, and his bitterness into a despairing austerity. His last sermon, of an hour's length, was, it is said, preached by him in his last illness, when he was nearing his death, and he stood up to preach it in his own coffin, set upright for a pulpit.

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P. 129, No. clviii. "*When I go musing all alone.*"

The germ of Milton's *Allegro* and of his *Penseroso* are both to be found in this poem by Burton, but there is a difference between the treatment. Milton we know for what he is, but Burton was only a scholar and a philosopher. I do not think the subtlest critic will discover in these fine stanzas a spark of true poetry.

CHARLES I.

P. 138, No. clxii. "*The glories of our blood and state.*"

Charles I. is said to have loved this lyric of Shirley's beyond all others.

P. 139, No. clxiii. "*Come, spur away.*"

There is in all our literature hardly any such picture of the idyllic country life of England as this.

P. 149, No. clxxv. "*Honest lover whosoever.*"

When a style has been long established there is always a period of smooth perfection before it goes forward to over-luxuriance, and before it finally declines into decadence and death. The period of Charles I. was the period of lyrical perfection. The phrasing was never so delicate before; but the lyrics of this reign lack the simplicity and the earnest passion of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. Nothing however can well exceed the sweetness and beauty of Colonel Love-lace's song to Althea, or of Montrose's "My dear and only love"; but when Suckling and Waller sing, we see plainly enough that there is as much wit as heart about their rhymes.

P. 153, No. clxxx. "*They meet but with unwholesome springs.*"

Habington, who sang long and loud of the "Chaste Castara" in an age when ladies of her icy temperament were not so much in the fashion as they have become of later years, devotes this not very convincing poem to the praise of women; but the song contains a couplet which is perhaps more absolutely poetical, in design and form, than any two lines written in this or the following reign—

"They hear but when the mermaid sings,
And only see the falling star."

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P. 159, No. clxxxvi. "*Marguerite first possess.*"

As compared with the preceding piece by Habington this poem is in the truer spirit of the Carolean age. It is probably the cleverest thing of its own kind in our language, perhaps in any language. The poem is, however, poetical only in the sense that it is an effort of the fancy, seeing that Cowley, a good, sad, demure-stepping Christian gentleman, never probably committed a single one out of this long list of inconsistencies. He was indeed said to be of so cold and timid a disposition that he never during his lifetime summoned up sufficient courage to speak to a woman of love.

COMMONWEALTH.

P. 165, No. clxxxvii. "*Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more.*"

Lycidas can only just be drawn within a very liberal definition of lyrical verse, but fortunately the best definition is a wide one, and the poem can be quoted of which Tennyson said that the appreciation of it was a touchstone of poetic taste. There are some few obscurities in the poem, but the classic allusions are not too recondite to be interpreted with the help of a mythological dictionary.

"*The great Vision of the guarded mount.*"—The archangel Michael was fabled to have appeared on St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall. "*Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.*"—Bayona's hold is Vigo Bay in Galicia of Spain, but the geography is loose.

P. 173, No. cxc. "*Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms.*"

It is hardly necessary to say that Colonel in the first line is pronounced as a trisyllable.

CHARLES II.

P. 189, No. cxcix. "*Love in fantastic triumph sate.*"

Astræa was a lyric poet who wasted her genius on poor and indecent plays. Swinburne has noticed the fire and the rhythmic music in the four lines beginning, "From thy bright eyes."

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P. 190, No. cc. "*Ye gentlemen of England.*"

I have introduced this fine old sea ditty partly to show how it has inspired the two best, or at least the two best known sea songs in our language, Dorset's "*To all you ladies now at land,*" and Campbell's "*Ye mariners of England.*" Lord Dorset has obviously copied and improved upon his original, it will be found a few pages later, while Campbell has not scrupled to borrow his chorus, always the most important part of a sea song, from Martyn Parker's—

"Our roaring guns shall teach 'em,
Our valour for to know;
As they reel on the keel,
While the stormy winds do blow.
And the stormy, etc."

P. 199, No. ccviii. "*My lodgings it is on the cold
ground.*"

In D'Avenant's collection of plays, this pathetic song is found in *The Rivals*. It is given there with three additional verses, but they add nothing to the charm of the piece, being in truth mere variants or repetitions of the sentiments expressed more adequately and sweetly in the verses in the text.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

P. 204, No. ccxii. "*All travellers at first incline.*"

No lover, if Swift indeed was a lover and not a friend only, ever perhaps paid so many bad and good compliments intermingled to a mistress so wittily as the Dean does in these lines on Stella's birthday.

P. 205, No. ccxiii. "*Dear Chloe, how blubbered is
that pretty face!*"

Almost all that is good in Moore may be found in Prior, and much besides, but Prior had one great accidental advantage over Moore. To write good society verse the social tone of the time must be good and artificial and complex, for the verse reflects the talk of the town or it is nothing worth. Society was never so much all this as in Queen Anne's day, when Prior mainly wrote, and never, for at least two hundred years previously, so bad or so brutal as in the day of King George IV., when Moore wrote his love songs.

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ANNE.

P. 215, No. ccxx.

"My days have been so wond'rous free."

Queen Anne's reign comes in the full tide of artificiality, with the ingenuity and false classicism which prevailed in poetic circles for over sixty years afterwards. The minor poets always catch the mannerisms of the age more completely than their superiors, and the first piece quoted in this reign is steeped with the spirit of early eighteenth-century conventionality. Hardly any one dared, to be anything but ingenious till Blake and Cowper and Burns came. Take this stanza as a sample of the contemporary style—

"Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increased their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them?"

Compare the fluent foolishness of this, the mock sentiment, the conventional unreality of it, with the true strong passionate ending of the love song of Isabel Pagan, a Scotch peasant girl of a generation later, a woman of doubtful morality and sobriety, but a true singer, if ever there lived a true singer.

"While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye aye sall be my dearie."

GEORGE II.

P. 227, No. ccxxviii. *"Come, gie's a sang! Montgomery cried."*

Burns was an enthusiastic admirer of this masterly song, which for spirit, lilt, animation and humour that is purely Scottish, and for a fine wholesome optimism, is hardly to be rivalled even among the master's own works.

P. 232, No. ccxxxi. *"Daughter of Jove, relentless power."*

I should like to quote more of Gray than this strong poem and the next, but, in truth, he did not number the lyric faculty among the greater of his

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gifts. To some readers even these fine poems that are quoted will seem to smack too much of the stiff classic manner of the middle Georgian period. It is the habit of anthologists to include the *Elegy* in collections of Lyric poetry, but no definition of a lyric poem that I have ever heard of can be so strained as to bring this long and almost perfect elegiac poem into such a collection as the present.

P. 238, No. ccxxxiii. "*Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waking yet ?*"

It is difficult to make a political poem into good literature, unless the sentiment of it be the sentiment of a whole nation, as in the case of Skinner's poem, which must make every true Scotsman to this day laugh at and despise the unfortunate Cope.

P. 241, No. ccxxxvi. "*Condemned to Hope's delusive mine.*"

Dr. Johnson's epitaph on his friend Levett is as prosaic a poem as ever was written, and as strong a one. It is perhaps the only friendly epitaph in the language that contains no compliment to the object of it, in excess of the bare truth, and what Dr. Johnson could do with no other fuel to feed a genius that was never poetic in its essence, than the bare truth, is shown by the splendid culmination of the last four lines.

P. 242, No. ccxxxvii. "*Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride.*"

Of the many poems on the famous Yarrow tragedy, this least often quoted one has recommended itself to me as the finest, though it is but a resuscitation of the antique style by a man of genius in a period least of all given to true appreciation of the charms of antique verse. Moreover this version of Hamilton's poem was read and approved by Hazlitt, and read, approved, loved, and quoted from by William Wordsworth himself.

GEORGE III.

P. 249, No. ccxxxviii. "*If doughty deeds my lady please.*"

Graham, of Gartmore, a large moorland estate in Perthshire, was the ancestor of a contemporary

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gentleman, the present Graham of that ilk, who is not unknown in politics, and is now making his mark in literature. This strong poem in the older chivalric strain is of course somewhat of a sham antique; Graham of Gartmore was a fine gentleman of the mid-eighteenth century, in a full-bottomed wig, a friend of Chesterfield, and he lived in a period when it was a very far cry to the days of chivalry and that chivalric constancy which he proposes as his ideal.

P. 250, No. ccxxxix. "*The twentieth year is well nigh past.*"

For fully fifty years before the inditing of Cowper's poem to his friend Mrs. Unwin, nothing that I can think of so simple, so adequate, so inartificial, so full of suppressed pathos and tenderness had been written by any English poet as these exquisite verses and the sonnet which comes next in the book.

P. 252, No. ccxli. "*O sing unto my roundelay.*"

Palgrave withdraws the last four lines. They are certainly a little stiffened with the eighteenth-century pseudo-classical manner, but the music of the piece is incomplete without them. They are as essential to its rhythmic harmony as the bar which accomplishes the resolution of the seventh in a symphony.

P. 254, No. ccxlii. "*When the British warrior queen.*"

Boadicea is a school-room piece, and Cowper here is of his age and not in his own greater manner, but the editor would be blamed if he omitted a poem so meritorious and so well known.

P. 257, No. ccxlv. "*There's nae luck about the house.*"

One cannot be quite sure that Mickle wrote this delightful poem, but I like to believe he did, rather than keep his name out of the collection altogether, for to my knowledge he has achieved nothing else to come near it.

The following verse, good enough of its kind, is no doubt genuine, but it does not harmonize with the note struck in the remainder of the poem, and by common consent is omitted:

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"The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thrilled thro' my heart,
They're a' blawn by; I hae him safe;
Till death we'll never part:
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw."

P. 261, No. ccxlviii. "*Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see.*"

This is the second poem of Dibdin's that has been inserted, and to some conventional readers an apology may be due. Others will like to have this good rollicking sea song under their hands. There is perhaps a touch of cant and also of political purpose in it here and there, but "The little cherub that sits up aloft" has grown into our literature, and embedded in it and in the popular estimation is the couplet—

"For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my
friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's."

It is the philosophy of the true fighting British sailor now as it was in King George's day. Then again there are two verses which to the serious student of literature deserve all attention, for they show how the real, at times, transcends the ideal and the artificial, even in the most conventional periods of our literature.

"What argufies snivelling and piping your eye?
Why, what a damned fool you must be!"

P. 266, No. ccli. "*Ca' the yowes to the knowes.*"

Was written by a poor woman of Ayrshire, by all accounts a drunkard, and by some a worse thing. I know many exquisite songs of the Scots Lowlands of this period, but none with a more subtle and winning lilt and grace than this rustic poem of Isabel Pagan. The spirit of song was abroad in Scotland then, and the poets were from every class.

The next poem on the page is by a lady of the noble family of Balcarres; the one following that, by Lady Nairn, who was born in the ancient Jacobite house of Oliphant.

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P. 270, No. ccliv. "*The sun upon the lake is low.*"

Scott deserves to be numbered among the five or six greater and more prolific lyrical poets in our language, with Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Herrick, and Burns. He has grace, simplicity, passion, the subtle literary faculty, and the still subtler and rarer art of the true singer of songs.

P. 271, No. cclvi. "*On Linden, when the sun was low.*"

I am told by one who knew the poet Sydney Dobell, that Hohenlinden was his favourite lyric. He was wont to recite Hohenlinden with particular fervour and admiration.

P. 272, No. cclvii. "*Had I a heart for falsehood framed.*"

These clever verses from *The Duenna* of Sheridan show their author, who gained the highest fame as orator and as playwright, to have been a lyric poet of somewhat limited powers.

P. 283, No. cclxx. "*Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee.*"

It is chiefly through the sonnet, which has grown through the artifice of the Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese to be much more complex than any mere song for music, that Wordsworth holds so high a place as he does among the purely lyrical poets. As a sonneteer he stands by all competent judgment with Shakespeare and Milton, and hardly below them.

P. 291, No. cclxxvii. "*A slumber did my spirit seal.*"

This poem may, and one may suppose often is, read by itself, when the pronoun "she" can only refer to "spirit" in the line before. So read, it has a high and beautiful spiritual significance, but, as the poem would seem to come in the cycle of Lucy poems, it seems certain that "she" must refer to the dead girl, and if that be so, the lines have a very beautiful and a still more pathetic meaning.

P. 292, No. cclxxviii. "*To the Muses.*"

Blake's verses mark the turning-point from the artificial to the simple in poetry. He borrowed his

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style from the Elizabethan and Jacobean poets, rejected their romantic fervour and breadth, and added certain subtle poetic and mystic touches of his own.

Where were the eyes and ears of the critics of his age that they so failed to acclaim at once the superiority of such verse as this, and would persist in setting the verse of the Masons and Hayleys above that of this great true poet?

P. 293, No. cclxxx. "*Toussaint, the most unhappy Man of Men!*"

George Eliot, in a passage in one of her letters, which I cannot quote, sets the last eight lines of this sonnet among the greatest utterances of any English poet.

P. 300, No. ccxc. "*Life! I know not what thou art.*"

Mrs. Barbauld is not a great poet, but she has written one stanza, the last of the poem quoted here, which is likely to endure as long as English lyrical verse is read and loved. It is usual to quote the last stanza by itself. It is fairer to author and reader to quote the whole piece.

P. 303, No. ccxcii. "*O saw ye bonnie Lesley.*"

It is pitiful to remember that the family of Miss Leslie, or Lesley, who was of a good Ayrshire house, resented these compliments from the ploughman poet. It is now probably the only title to distinction to Miss Leslie's descendants, if any among them still breathe the air of this planet, that once a girl of the house of Leslie was made the subject of half-a-dozen stanzas by Robert Burns.

P. 304, No. ccxciii. "*The daffodils.*"

It is as certain as a fact can be that comes down on the most trustworthy tradition, that Mrs. Wordsworth, who by all accounts was not either a clever or a poetical woman, and had never been known to write a line before, did yet write the culminating couplet in this poem. Wordsworth had got as far as—

"For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,"

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and then was at a loss. His wife suggested—

"They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,"

and so the keystone was laid of this beautiful poem.

P. 310, No. ccxcix. "*Yarrow unvisited*."

Wordsworth recalls in this poem the beautiful ballad of Hamilton, "The Braces of Yarrow," and actually quotes a line from it—

"Fair hangs the apple frae the rock."

P. 329, No. cccxiv. "*Dark, deep, and cold the
current flows*."

This, so far as I know, is the high-water mark in verse reached by the Corn Law rhymers, Ebenezer Elliott. Politics and poetry do not agree, unless indeed it be those simple incontrovertible national politics that Campbell and Burns have sometimes sung of in their verse.

GEORGE IV.

P. 353, No. cccxxviii. *Chorus from "Hellas."*

This magnificent chorus of Shelley reflects his personality to the present writer as no other short work of his seems to do; his intense, almost pagan sensibility to the more joyous impressions of material nature, joined to quite modern spiritual yearnings for ends beyond and outside anything in the actual world around him—with these attributes, a faculty of phrasing his thoughts upon life that is great in its lucidity and exquisiteness. The last stanza of the chorus contains a succinct expression of Shelley's own creed and philosophy of life.

P. 359, No. cccxxxii. "*Beautiful shadow of Thetis's
boy*."

Byron should rightly by his age come under the reign of George III., but his note and that of his friend Moore belong essentially to the Regency. They have both been moved arbitrarily, but I think not unfairly, into the reign of George IV. It is lamentable to find how few lyrical poems of these prolific writers, once so fashionable and even so famous, can

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be found to satisfy the modern taste. I have done my best to be liberal. There can be no doubt, however, that the day will come when the critics will re-discover the genius of Lord Byron. It is difficult to believe that as much will be done for Moore. Of the endurance of his own poetic fame he was never over-sanguine. "I think," he said, "that the 'Irish Melodies' may live." They have hardly survived till to-day. It is, however, from them that the following selections have been made.

P. 419, No. ccclxxviii. "*The groves of Blarney.*"

A variant, I know not whether authentic or not, for

"Bold Neptune, Cæsar,
And Nebuchadnezzar,"

reads—

"Bold Plutarch, Venus,
And Nicodemus."

It is a couplet which, it must be allowed, has a grace of its own.



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